

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXII —No. 549.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1907.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,
BY POST, 6½D.]



MISS ALICE HUGHES

LADY FLORENCE NORMAN AND HER SON.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XXI. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

THE LANDHOLDERS' CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

WHILE sympathising in the fullest degree with the objects of this new association, it may be permissible to offer a few words upon it in friendly criticism. As a union of landowners it may be regarded as an inevitable evil. The world was no doubt better in many respects before workmen and employers became brigaded in different camps, and, as Carlyle pointed out long ago, the cash "nexus" is a poor bond when it is the only one uniting servant and master. The old idea was that the servant did not fully discharge his duty by merely attending so many hours and doing his requisite piece of work. Beyond these, he owed his employer loyalty, and was bound to look after his interests as though they were his own. So likewise the employer, when he was a great landlord, did not think that his duty was wholly discharged when he had paid to his servant the allotted wages, but tended and succoured him in times of need and misfortune. It is the custom now to call all this the remains of the feudal system, but they are very pleasant remains, and helped, when England was in the making, to knit the various classes together. To-day the old relationship is no longer possible. For many generations agitators and others have been striving to do away with everything in the shape of payments in kind, or the accordances of privileges, and to substitute for this the cash wage. This may not seem to have much to do with the controversy of the moment, but it really lies at the bottom of it. Having secured so much, the populace is now being egged on to demand more, hence the necessity for landowners to organise themselves. They know very well that those who propose legislation affecting their interests are not only actuated

by hostile motives, but have not that practical and thorough knowledge of land which alone would enable them to draw up satisfactory laws.

But we think that those responsible for the meeting held last week ought to have taken more care to divest it of any political colour. Ostensibly the organisation is as much intended for one set of politicians as for another; but the landowner of moderately Liberal opinions may well shrug his shoulders as he reads the list, for he will find in it few names except of those who are arrayed against him in politics. Mr. Long would be well advised to secure a moderate Liberal as one of the chief speakers at his meeting. It has been gradually dawning upon many who were elected on this basis that they are in their wrong environment when ranked as followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Indeed, it requires no very close observation to see that the present state of things is one which cannot continue. Either the Prime Minister must moderate the attacks which are now being conducted against landed property, or the landed proprietors in a body will be obliged to recross to the other side of the House. For our own part, we should very much regret this. We do not believe that virtue is wholly on one side in politics, that the Conservatives have all the virtues and the Liberals all the vices; but, on the contrary, we would rather reply with the homely phrase that there are "six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other." The moderate Liberals then have acted a very useful part in their own place, and we doubt very much if they could exercise the same influence were they to cross over to the Conservative side. All the more reason was there then for drawing up a programme which would have attracted them. For a similar reason it is to be regretted that the Landholders' Association has begun by pinning its faith to one part of the agrarian creed—viz., that small holders should be established as owners and not as tenants. Many who understand the outs and ins of the question as thoroughly as anyone who was on the platform at the meeting, hold quite the opposite opinion. They recognise that the system of small holders has been tried in England and failed; that the owner of small property inevitably becomes a prey to the money-lender, and that as soon as he gets into debt the time of parting from his land is not far off.

We are looking at the question just now from the broadest point of view. That is, we are considering not how the interest of this or that class is going to be served, but the effect upon the nation at large. If small holders are to be brought into existence, the first consideration is that the class should be durable. If it is only going to be crowded in one generation, and allowed to dwindle and die out in the next, the disturbance of the moment cannot be said to have any adequate cause. At any rate, those who are in favour of small tenancies have every right to a hearing, and a place should be made for them in the ranks of the association. The fatal error from which it would be well to save the association is that of gaining a reputation for attending only to class interest. Unless the public is thoroughly convinced that it is acting not for the benefit of the landowners alone, but for the advantage of the population at large, it will never receive the support without which organisation is futile. We think, too, that a mistake in tactics occurred in a failure to enlist the services of the Press. It is an old reproach brought against politicians of a stereotyped class that they do not encourage and help their literary friends as they ought. Among a certain class of newspapers they can count on support; but, in reality, this support is worth very little, because it has been discounted by the public before it has been given. That which tells in the long run is the aid given by those newspapers which have no political or other end to serve, but which will frankly and independently make a decision upon each question as it arises, and advocate what is thought right without regard to the effect upon any particular class. There was nothing said at the meeting to lead one to the inference that the organisers had taken this into account, yet in an age when the pen has become mightier even than the spoken word, the consideration is one that ought not to have been neglected. At the moment the association is still very young, and something may be learnt as experience is gained, yet we cannot look to its future without some misgivings. In this case a good start is more than half the battle.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Florence Norman and her son. Lady Florence Norman is a daughter of the Earl of Bradford, and her marriage with Mr. Ronald Collet Norman took place in 1904.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



ENGLISHMEN without distinction of party joined in the celebration of the birthday of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on Monday last. Whatever we may think of Mr. Chamberlain's opinions, there is no doubt about the zeal and loyalty with which he has devoted himself to the public interest, and probably his opponents would be the first to admit the extraordinary ability with which he has advocated his beliefs. On a well-known occasion a great speech of his was likened to a splendid all-round game at billiards. The metaphor was suggested by the brilliant manner in which he scored all round the table, so to speak, cannons and hazards and all sorts of play seeming to come to him with equal ease. He has been undoubtedly one of the greatest debaters of his time, and the House of Commons has been sadly impoverished by his absence.

For some time past there has been a strong movement, which even has the support of some members of the Government, to utilise our waste land by afforesting it. To this, however, there are many objections, some of which have been stated with very great clearness by Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board. For one thing, the science of forestry is not very well understood in Great Britain; and if these waste places are to be planted to any purpose, it would be highly necessary to know what trees are likely to yield a profitable return. Forestry ties up land for a very long time. In the opinion of those who know, an extremely good alternative has been suggested, and that is to adopt Professor Bottomley's system of soil inoculation, in order to grow leguminous plants. The characteristic of this system is that it produces the best results on the very poorest soil, so that great stretches of the Black Country, for example, might easily be made valuable. The other advantages are extremely obvious; to inoculate soil with a culture is a very cheap process, and would not involve anything like the expense incidental to afforestation. Moreover, like any other farm crop, it would yield a return within twelve months, whereas the woodland would not yield anything within a quarter of a century. Better still, the effect of soil inoculation is to improve the soil permanently by adding to it the nitrogen of the air, so that gradually, and especially if it were used with basic slag or anything else that would give phosphates, the land would become perfectly suited to other crops.

An old proverb says that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and even the rain has its compensations. One of these has been the prolonged singing of the birds. The moisture apparently seems to have made them think that spring has not yet departed. Of the cuckoo it is said that in July he doth fly, but his note was prolonged far into the month, and it has been noticed that it did not break as soon as usual. Even the nightingale, which does not generally sing much after the month of May, was heard as late as the last week in June. As to the other birds, they are quite merry. The lark seems to sing more loudly than usual, so it is with the thrush, the blackcap, the whitethroat, the sedge-warbler, the willow-wren and many others. Possibly enough the moisture has caused more than usual abundance of insects, grubs and worms. At any rate, the music of the birds forms a pleasant feature of the country just now.

The National Poultry Conference, which met at the University College, Reading, this week, had a useful and interesting programme. In point of fact, however, what is most required in order to get the organisation of the poultry industry complete is a poultry census. There are many guesses, but no exact knowledge, of the condition in which the business is at the moment. In Ireland, it has long been the custom to include poultry when the agricultural statistics are taken. Nothing of this kind has been done in England, and most of the estimates that figure in the papers and on the walls of meetings are based on those of an amateur, who, some years ago, spent a good deal of time and industry on the subject, but who himself was very well aware that the data on which he worked was inadequate. The rest of the work of a poultry conference ought really to be "the trivial round, the common task" of inculcating cleanliness and regularity. If the English poultry-keeper would learn to send his eggs to market in a proper condition, and would also see that they reached his customers in a perfectly fresh state, he would soon have much less cause to grumble than he has at the present moment.

A considerable number of correspondents have written to us in regard to the article published last week on "The Cost of Owning an Estate." Without exception the writers are in full accord with the views therein expressed, and some of them have sent figures even more surprising than those which we published. Statesmen of the highest rank, too, have assured us that in their view the only way to combat the false ideas held in so many quarters is to publish the facts. In subsequent numbers we hope to give the expenditure of several other estates; but there is one point to which we would direct the attention of our correspondents. It is that where an estate has been purchased in comparatively recent times it is much easier to arrive at the cost of keeping it, because under these circumstances we know exactly the amount of capital that has been laid out and on which it is but fair to expect that a reasonable interest will be forthcoming. The figures relating to any estate are valuable and interesting, but special importance is attached to those where we can arrive easily at the capital value.

THE BLIND WOODMAN TO APOLLO.

Once to me at work in the midmost forest
Thou, O Lord of Light, through the tapered foxgloves
Skyward striving, camest; and all the shadows
Fled at thy coming.

Golden gleamed thy path, and a noontide glory
Gilded all the stems of the trembling fir trees:
This I saw, and thee, ere a deathly darkness
Sealed up mine eyelids.

ANGELA GORDON.

It is evident that the attempts being made to get up a prejudice against the milk supply are leading to a swing back of the pendulum. No one is more fully convinced than the average farmer of the necessity of absolute cleanliness in the act of milking and in sending the milk to market. He is also aware of the danger of taking milk from an animal affected with tuberculosis; and those who really know what they are talking about are aware that, as far as the farms are concerned, these matters receive close attention. The quantity of milk sold from diseased cows is very small indeed, if we are to judge from the number of cases of illness traceable to this cause. Adulteration takes place mostly in the town dairies. It would almost appear, however, as though the alarmists, who live by exaggeration, are in the way of getting up a scare against the use of milk. We trust that the public will not be deceived in this respect. Our efforts always have been directed to help towards the purification of milk and every form of milk, so that it is with due deliberation that we assert that many of the statements now being made daily are either exaggerated or entirely untrue.

At the last meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club Dr. C. B. Ticehurst exhibited a fine male specimen of the Sardinian warbler (*Sylvia melanocephala*), which had been shot on June 3rd of this year in a country lane near Hastings. Though this is the first time this species—which is common along the Mediterranean—has been obtained in Great Britain, the present record causes no surprise among ornithologists, since it is a common species in the South of France and the Peninsula. So long ago as 1899, indeed, Mr. Howard Saunders, in the second edition of his "Manual of British Birds," remarked that there was "not the least improbability of this bird occurring in the British Isles."

No Parliamentary paper is read with more interest than that which gives the civil list pensions for the year. Among the recipients are some whom we could scarcely have expected to find there. According to general belief novelists receive such

immense sums for their works that it will come as a surprise to many to find Ouida (Miss Louise de la Ramée) receiving a pension of £150 a year, while £200 a year is given to an ex-editor of *Punch*, Sir F. C. Burnand. Poetry has never been lavishly remunerated, and we are glad to see that so deserving a bard as Mr. John Davidson has received £100 a year. Miss Betham-Edwards, Mr. George Howell and Mr. Henry Whyte are well-deserving names, but we confess that it was with a feeling of something akin to shame that we learned that Dr. Jessop had been given an additional pension of £50. He has done such excellent service to archæology and literature that it is sad to hear of his straitened circumstances. Among other recipients are Mrs. Sarah Hutchinson and Miss Annie Burns, grand-daughters of the poet, who are given £100 in consideration of their advanced age and inadequate means of support. The list altogether is a somewhat pathetic one.

All true sportsmen will, we think, be in full sympathy with Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and the other members of the meeting who inaugurated the new Amateur Football Association at the Holborn Restaurant on Monday evening. Mr. Lyttelton, with characteristic suavity, explained that he had not the slightest objection to playing games with professionals, and even said he had never met men who had played more as gentlemen and sportsmen than Tom Emmett and George Ulyett; but it is one thing to play with professionals and another to allow the sport to be dominated by them. All the difference between a professional and an amateur is that the former plays for his daily bread and the latter for amusement. It is natural enough that the men whose livelihood depends on the number of spectators they can attract should make their regulations with a view to the gate-money, while the true sportsmen who love a game for its own sake are not at all interested about providing amusement for the lookers-on; with them emphatically the play is the thing. Mr. N. C. Bailey put the case very clearly when he said, "Their objection was to the fungus growth which had become attached to the machinery of football management. They claimed that the amateurs were entitled to govern their own affairs unfettered." We wish every good fortune to the new association.

If any town deserved to have a Pageant, it is surely Bury St. Edmunds. Probably it is the most characteristically English and agricultural town in Great Britain, and it is a place delightful to be in, being so free from the noise, smoke and turmoil inseparable from our great manufacturing cities. Something of the leisurely quiet of Suffolk seems to brood over it, and the very air is laden with old associations. Some of this is, perhaps, due to Thomas Carlyle, who, in his "Past and Present," depicted this town with a vividness which has been very seldom applied to any other place. The tale, too, of St. Edmunds, ecclesiastical and monkish as it is, is of a kind that makes a particularly strong appeal to the imagination. Most of us in fancy have seen those abbots, friars and sacristans, but the spectators of the Pageant were enabled to realise them.

One of our foreign contemporaries, *Gil Blas*, makes what would be a very welcome announcement if it were confirmed, viz., that the Great Powers of Europe have practically arranged that in future letters shall be sent between them for a postage of 14d. Every change of this kind deserves a hearty welcome, inasmuch as a large circulation of letters is one of the best bonds of union conceivable. People are much less likely to go to war if they are doing business with one another daily through the post, for, of course, the most important advantage of lowering the postage is that it greatly increases the range of business. Few people recognise how much commerce is retarded by difficulty of communication. It has been, at any rate, our experience in Great Britain that every new facility given for the postage and delivery of letters has been followed by a marked increase in the national prosperity. The increased facilities have also tended to level up prices, which, without free communication, are apt to become local; thus in the old times the price of eggs, say, in Dorsetshire, bore no correspondence whatever to the price in Yorkshire.

Notoriety-hunting reached its culmination the other night when the rejected candidate for a Northern constituency, apparently because he had acted the buffoon passing well, was asked, at a princely salary, to appear at a music-hall. The result in this instance, we believe, was not very pleasant either for the subject of the experiment or those who engaged him. We have little to say about this particular instance, but the custom of which it is an example is not very creditable to our civilisation. It teaches men and women to prostitute the best gifts they have. Not long ago a brave man, who had saved a number of people from a shipwrecked vessel, was made an exhibition of in London. Before that, the survivors

of a volcanic eruption, people who did not know English or English ways, were produced in a London house of entertainment and turned into a nightly show. Even savages, if they have anything unusual in their stature or appearance, are taken under the wing of the music-hall director. The evil of all this does not require much pointing out. All the best things in this world have been accomplished by men who acted from no hope of reward and despised the idea of notoriety. But it seems as though we could not rest in our day without producing self-consciousness in every subject of the King, high or low, brave or cowardly. The hero who has risked his life for others is shamelessly asked to play his part on the same boards where the figures in a scandal receive an equal welcome!

In ordinary years the making of a century at cricket is an event scarcely deserving of notice. But in a season like the present it is what the Cockney reporter calls "phenomenal." Spectators were, therefore, very grateful to Hayward on Monday for the 146 he made in the historic match Gentlemen v. Players. This game must almost have been a record for the season, since in the course of it the players were able to have a day of almost unbroken cricket. The story of the other matches is dreary and monotonous. Yorkshire only at rare intervals gets the opportunity of bowling a ball or making a run. Rain seems to have pursued the fortunes of the erstwhile champions. It has upset all calculations as to form. Kent, which had things all its own way last year, has either through rain or otherwise completely fallen from its high estate. Nottingham still holds the leading place among the counties; but he would indeed be a bold prophet who ventured to say that this state of things is likely to continue until the end of the season.

THE PLOVER.

Friend of the gourmet, farmer's firm ally,
Shrilly you utter your wild plaintive call,
Flashing in silver circles through the sky,
Gracefully reckless as you rise and fall,
Watching your hidden home with anxious eye,
Where speckled eggs lie in the sun-dried nest,
Or where 'mid sheltering grass your nurslings rest,
Spoil for some cruel stranger wandering nigh.

Poor persecuted bird, you never know
The sacred laws, both of the spring and love,
Common to others of your feathered race;
You draw the sportsman's shot in frost and snow,
And when the marriage bells of Nature ring,
Your gathered fruits some sumptuous table grace.

ALAN R. HAIG BROWN.

We can only regard the exhibition of British flowers in the Holland Park Gardens, so kindly lent by Mary Countess of Ilchester to the Royal Horticultural Society on Tuesday and Wednesday last, as a triumph in horticulture in this country. Much was due to the beauty of the surroundings; but the crowded tents, filled with hardy flowers, exotics and rarities which appeal to the scientist and those who love flowers for their effect and beauty, reflected the great work which has been accomplished in this country. The deeper one's knowledge becomes of the great industry of horticulture in these isles the more one is impressed with its great purpose and the enterprise which governs it. Horticultural shows in this country have been compared unfavourably, and rightly so, to those in France, on the ground of inartistic grouping; but we have profited by a good example. It was a show of flowers to be remembered by everyone interested in horticulture, and we hope to give a detailed account of the exhibition next week.

The United States Law Courts are clearly disposed to deal in a drastic way with all who are concerned in the inhuman cruelty associated with the adornment of ladies' hats by plumes taken from the herons and egrets. It is understood that these can be obtained only at the breeding season of the birds. A judge in New Orleans recently sentenced the proprietor of a millinery establishment in that city to a fine of 50dol. or a month's imprisonment for exposing these plumes for sale, and the conviction was affirmed by the Supreme Court, on appeal. The prosecution was initiated by a society calling itself the Audubon Society, in honour of the name of the great naturalist; and having established such a precedent, it is likely that the society will pursue its humane labours with increased energy and confidence, and ultimately succeed in putting an end to the encouragement in the States of this very wanton cruelty. Unfortunately, the demand for the plumes exists in countries which even the long arm of the Supreme Court's jurisdiction cannot reach, and so long as the demand is maintained it is to be feared that the destruction of the breeding birds will continue.

It is very unfortunate that the excellent experiment of an open air school for delicate children should be in its stage of practical initiation in a summer so ill-adapted for its success. The experiment is a direct consequence of a generous offer of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society at Woolwich to allow the London Education Committee the use of the society's woods and pleasure grounds at Bostall, near Plumstead, as an open air schooling place for 100 anæmic and delicate children of Woolwich, Greenwich, Deptford and Plumstead. It appears that some discussion arose as to whether the council had the power to charge the county with the cost of the tramcar conveyance of the children to the school and some further small

expenses amounting, in the total aggregate, to something under £400 but, under the Defective and Epileptic Children's Act it seems to have been ascertained that the council had full power to do this. The offer of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society was accepted accordingly, and the proposition is that the school shall be open during the months of July, August and September. Perhaps it is hardly likely that action can have followed so fast on the heels of the acceptance of the offer as to permit of any scholars being already assembled there; but it has to be confessed that the climate of the present summer is by no means encouraging for an experiment which is really full of promise for the improvement of children's health.

STOPHAM BRIDGE.

THE walk from Pulborough to Stopham affords views of a kind of scenery unusual in England. In Sussex we do not look for Alps, nor for frequent cathedrals, but rather for green grass and old trees and gabled manor houses, with here and there a low hill or a range like the South Downs. But on this road we have these pleasant features, together with a wide valley, shining rivers, distant downs, ever changing from blue to grey, and perhaps disappearing for a time. With this wide landscape there are bridges, such as Claude loved to put in his middle distance, and, rising suddenly, a castle, dark with age and ivy, hanging over a reach of river and reflected in the stream below. Between Pulborough and Stopham we have, in addition to Amberley Castle, a stronghold useful to the Bishops of Chichester in the days of French invasion, the tall scarped hill on which stands Pulborough Church, and facing it another hill, locally known as the Borough, where also Roman remains have been found in abundance, with inlaid floors and the walls of hypocausts. The two hills, between which the railway now runs towards Arundel and the Sussex Coast, were both, no doubt, fortified stations to guard the Stane Street, the paved highway from Chichester to London. The typical Roman villa is at Bignor, a low hill barely to be discerned against the southern sky some three miles across the marshes and meadows.

These low-lying fields are watered by the Rother and the Arun, two streams which, contrary to the usual rule, both bear Saxon names, for Arun seems to mean "running," and Rother a

"rower." They unite near the mill which we see a mile off on our left as we proceed towards Stopham. On our right are some picturesque old cottages, with the hill of the Borough and the curious old walls surrounding a farmhouse rising behind them. The road winds delightfully. New views are presented and withdrawn, like a succession of pictures. One of the first shows a four-arch bridge over the united rivers, near the old Swan Inn, and leads across to the island meadows, which form a kind of delta at the meeting of the waters. When we have threaded the railway arch and are well on our road, another little stone bridge of three arches, with strong buttresses, evidence of occasionally swollen streams is seen on the left; and beyond it, just far enough off, the railway crosses a wide reach of the Rower's river by a curious trestle bridge, apparently made of dark timbers, strongly resembling the picturesque old bridge at Shoreham. The view through at the distant downs, framed in a variety of old trees, with the green meads all round, is very attractive. An artist is sketching it, and a photographer lifts his camera over a gate on the right, and looks well pleased as he heads towards the station and the little town.

At a turn to the northward the road reveals a wooded valley, as different as possible from the wide dale through which the Arun winds away into the sunshine. The oaks look dark against the northern sky, and the two rows of hills approach each other until it seems as if the road could find no outlet in that direction. On the left the river-bed widens, a green lawn is seen



C. Job.

THE SEVEN-ARCHED BRIDGE.

Copyright.



C. Job.

WELL BUTTRESSED AGAINST WINTER FLOODS.

Copyright.

beyond, and, half concealed by foliage, an ancient house is reflected in the water. Then the White Hart Inn on the right still further contracts the roadway, and a sharp turn to the left leads to the long, narrow bridge, with its seventeen refuges on either hand, a view fairly surprising to the traveller who has not been that way before.

The bridge itself consists of seven arches, and claims to be better furnished in that respect than any other bridge in Sussex.

The fourteenth century architect who designed it has left plenty of his masonry to give us the approximate date, but the arches are not pointed, and the tall one in the middle—the fourth, counting from either end—is mended in red brick of the seventeenth century. All are most picturesque, whether we look along the narrow roadway with its corner-shaped refuges, or go down the river bank among the trees and look at the irregular arches, the buttresses and the long walled approaches at either end. The Arun here divides Pulborough from Stopham, and the gate of Stopham

Park is near the western bridge foot. The house is old, but not very old, and stands on a low terrace near the Arun. The greater part of it is obviously of the last century, but there are a few more ancient features. It is probable that the original house of the Stophams was, as usual with old manors, near the Norman church, where there is still a Manor Farm. But when the wide waters which gave a descriptive name to the "borough by the pool" had been somewhat controlled by embankments and roads, and spanned by such bridges as that over which we have just come, the convenience of boat carriage brought the lords of the manor to the river's bank.

The present park seems to lie on either side of the Fittleworth Road, by which the visitor seeks Stopham Church. The trees meet above his head as he ascends, and a rustic bridge, from which long, crimson wreaths of autumn leaves hang in festoons, connects the grounds near the house on the left with an invisible garden, and the great park over the hill on the right. Then the road goes on, past some pretty cottages, smothered in



C. Job.

THE LONG NARROW ROADWAY.

Copyright.

roses, and descends to meet a fresh valley. To reach the church a road on the right ascends still further among the oaks and beeches. A dark spreading yew half conceals the tower with its Norman windows and its ancient masonry, and the entrance porch must be found by stooping under the branches. The exterior has been judiciously treated by a careful and not excessive reparation, and the lover of old brasses and of windows "richly dight" in heraldry will be well rewarded. The continuous series of fourteen ancient brasses is almost unequalled in England, and some of the last century are interesting for the persons commemorated. The Barttelot family has been settled in Sussex, according to authentic records, since the time of Adam Barttelot, who must have lived about 1350, and whose son, John, was treasurer to Thomas Earl of Arundel, married the heiress of the Stophams and died in 1428. There are many names in the pedigrees before these, and tradition has it that the first Barttelot, that is, "little Bartholomew," like our own "Bartle," came over, if not with the Conqueror, at least with the Conqueror's follower, the first Earl of Arundel. If so, the Barttelots were in Sussex before Montgomery, or Belesme, or

Albiny, or even Fitzalan, and long before Howard. It is enough for any house that Shirley says of it: "The head of this family may be considered one of the most ancient proprietors of land residing upon his estate in this county." The three left-hand falconer's gloves on a black shield which form their arms are undoubtedly of great antiquity, and figure everywhere in the little church. They have, somehow, like the falconer's implements of the Jocelyns, whose name is also personal and not territorial, a foreign look, especially when quartered with the homely red and white crescents of the Stophams. The arms are chiefly in some old stained glass in one of the windows on the north side and in the east window. Some of the effigies have not been fully identified, some inscriptions have been misplaced, and a general "conjectural restoration" made about forty years ago resulted in adding an element of uncertainty to a few pieces; but the series, remarkable for its length, contains a few peculiarities which are duly noted by Haines. Most visitors will be further interested in the two mural brasses erected to the late Major Barttelot, the African traveller, whose delightful memoirs are well known, and a third to the late baronet, Sir Walter, who fell in the Boer War.

FROM THE FARMS.

WATER-MEADOWS AND SMALL HOLDINGS.

IT is undeniable that the question of small holdings is one whose solution must depend to a great extent on local conditions. The accepted assumption is that they will not succeed except where the land is exceptionally rich and fertile. But in all cases it would not be expedient, or even possible, to grant them, even where these conditions are present. A case in

been flooded, it would scarcely have been good for vegetation. But the cows have eaten it very close indeed. On the other hand, in those patches of wilderness which are not meadows the year has been productive of almost unequalled beauty. Now is the time when the rushes, flowering and otherwise, are at their best. The yellow flowers are all out on the flags, and among them cling a million small blossoms, Ragged Robin, water forget-me-not



THE HOME PASTURE.

point has recently come before the present writer. It is that of the water-meadows. At present these belong—at least, in the district to which he particularly refers, the valley of the Avon in Wiltshire—to large farmers, and they could not very well do without them. The reason is perfectly plain. On both sides of the river are stretches of very poor land, held also by large farmers. But the great holdings would never be tenanted unless it were for the temptation held out by the rich water-meadows in the centre. Parenthetically it may be said that on Saturday one was struck more by their beauty than by their richness. Apparently the "drownder," as the man is called who floods the meadows, has not been as busy as usual this year, his work having been done by the too copious rainfall which has been experienced through the whole of the summer. If, in addition to the natural supply, the different leaders had

and so forth. However, it was not to give a picturesque description that we referred to the water-meadows, but to explain the difficulty that arises with them in regard to small holdings. Naturally the man who is anxious to tenant or own a small bit of land would like to choose one of these fertile and beautiful patches. He would not care for the comparatively barren fields that stretch on either side and occasionally merge into what is little more than wild heath. Yet it would be grievously unfair to take them from the farmers. The moral is that land for small holdings must be sought not where exceptionally fertile patches occur, but where the whole of the land is able to repay the trouble and expense of intensive cultivation.

WEATHER AND FRUIT.

The aspect which the greater part of England has presented lately, to one travelling through it and looking out of the windows

of the train, has been melancholy in the extreme, with field after field of mown grass lying sodden, generally under a heavy fall of rain, spoiling, and with very little apparent prospect of ultimately reaching the stage of hay. In many wet seasons there have been occasions when the wise or the fortunate farmer has been able to snatch an interval of a few days of sunshine in which to save his own crop successfully and subsequently to point the moral to those who have been less prudent or less lucky. But the present summer has given no such opportunities, and there is, at the moment of writing, no prospect from the meteorological forecasts that even a moderate proportion of what seemed a promising hay crop will be harvested. The only resource which seems likely to be available for the feeding of stock is imported hay from Canada. In parts of Kent and Sussex, where the cherry is an important crop, a great number of the trees are looking very sickly, so as to arouse grave fears that they are about to "go home," as the native prettily calls the approach of their death. Nevertheless, the fruit crop was so heavy that in spite of the destruction caused by the almost ceaseless gales and further havoc made by the increasing birds, there is still an immense number of cherries on the boughs, though many are so bare of leaves as to give them a very sad aspect. If there be any disease, however, to which this is due, it is not very clear what it can be, and it is not unnatural to think that the reason why the trees are so bare of leaf is simply that the blossom was so abundant that it left the sap with little foliage-making energy. It is not at all unlikely that next year we shall find these trees fully recovered, with a fine growth of foliage and most probably a small fruit crop. This year the fruit is disappointing in its promise, for although it is still plentiful enough, the individual cherries are very small and of poor flavour, no doubt as a natural consequence of the lack of sunshine.

THE OFFENSIVE RAIN.

The results of the very rainy season are partly what might be expected and partly a surprise. To the small holder perhaps the most important failure is that of his bees. Without sunshine these little workers are reduced to inactivity. The heavy showers wash the pollen completely off the flowers, and to some extent destroy the scent. Moreover, the bee cannot work in wet weather, as one may see by the number that are drowned in the course of an ordinary shower. This will be one of the very worst years for honey on record, unless by any chance we should have a few weeks of sunshine in the North just at that period when the heather is in full bloom. A honey harvest from the hills and

moors might in that case be obtainable, but the harvest of flower honey is, it is to be feared, already irretrievably ruined. Among the surprises of the season has been a bountiful crop of strawberries. They have done better in the wet weather than was expected, and accordingly are both plentiful and cheap. Their only fault is that they have not the flavour which sunshine alone can impart. Small fruit generally has done very well in the rain, and black currants, red currants and gooseberries are a very good crop, and the show of that most delicate of all fruits, the raspberry, is as good as could possibly be expected. It is in the larger crops that the evil effects of the season are most visible. Potatoes are already wet and poor. They seem to be exactly in the condition which would make them most liable to the inroads of disease, and it will be astonishing, indeed, if they escape this scourge. Beans seem to have developed an abnormal quantity of rusts and other insect pests, with the result that in many gardens they are unsightly to look at, although it is impossible at the present moment to calculate with any exactitude the injury done to the crop. Cereals are proving something of a heartbreak to the farmers. They have made an immense quantity of straw, but owing to the very moist condition of the soil, this is lush and weak. Where it has been beaten by the wind and rain it has had no strength to recover, and over many hundreds of acres the wheat, barley and oats are even at this moment beyond hope. Nor have the livestock done well either. They have an abundance of grass, but it is extremely poor in quality and lacking in feeding properties. Farmers, indeed, in order to keep their beasts in condition, have had to give a considerable amount of hard food along with the pasture, a most unusual thing at this season of the year. In addition to that the extremely cold and wet weather has rendered the beasts uncomfortable, so that it has been exceedingly difficult to prepare them for the market, and much more so to get them up to that form which is demanded by an exhibition. Everybody knows that sheep are very much more susceptible to injury by over-moisture than from any other cause whatever. It produces rheumatism and various other diseases; in fact, sheep always do best in a very fine, hot summer. Cattle, too, though they got on very well at the beginning of the summer owing to the abundance of grass, are suffering, like the sheep, from too much water, and it has been curious to observe that they do not lay on fat to the extent that might be expected. For a long time agriculturists hoped that the weather would change after midsummer. Rain before that date does not much matter.

CHAFFINCHES AT HOME.

WHILE it is necessary for the collector to be constantly travelling further afield in search of novelties, the bird photographer finds novelty in every specimen of a common species the nest of which is so placed as to make it possible to obtain pictures of the birds. Every picture made is different from the last. At one nest a series of pictures may be secured, illustrating the method of feeding the young; at another the cleansing of the nest may be better recorded, or some individual trait, a variation of temperament twist male and female; in fact, there would appear to be no end to the interesting happenings worth turning into pictures, and, what is of greater importance, observing and recording. No bird is so common but that it is worthy of attention, even if one has photographed the species a dozen times before. A great many nests are found in situations where it would be impos-



W. Farren. RETURN OF THE BREAD-WINNER. Copyright.



W. Farren.

WAITING HIS TURN.

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sible to make good photographs of the birds; either they are too high up to be commanded from a tent, or they are in thick hedges where it is not practicable to clear away intervening branches, or the lighting of the nest is insufficient. Consequently, when a nest is found conveniently placed and well lighted it is to the photographer what a newly-discovered rarity is to the collector—something long sought for, and therefore of which the very most should be made.

One morning in May, two years ago, I was searching for suitable nests in a large garden in which, although there were many nests, they were so awkwardly placed that my tent had been standing idle for several days. I was wandering among some evergreen bushes when the anxious "spink-spink" of a pair of chaffinches caught my attention, and led to the discovery of their nest low down on the outer branches of a yew tree.



W. Farren.

NO ILL BIRD.

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It contained three young birds fully fledged and almost ready to leave the nest. Noting that the early morning light was full on the nest, I erected my tent and left it standing in order that the birds might become thoroughly used to it, and returned on the following morning with my camera and a supply of plates. The chaffinches were busy feeding their young ones, and I had not been in the tent 3min.—in fact, I had not finally fixed the camera—before both parent birds had visited the nest with food, which they delivered to the little ones quite unconcernedly and without so much as glancing at the tent. Unfortunately, the morning was very dull, and the longest exposure possible with the shutter I was using 1-15sec., so that, although I used all my plates, hardly any of them were of use, owing to under-exposure. This was the more regrettable, as on two occasions the parent chaffinches were at the nest together. A pair of birds together at the nest form one of the prettiest pictures imaginable of the domestic life of wild birds, and opportunities of so photographing them occur but rarely. While the first to arrive was delivering the food it had brought, the other waited patiently on the side of the nest, and took its turn at feeding when its mate had finished. Then after a short stay both left together in search of more food to give their young ones.



W. Farren.

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE.

Copyright.



W. Farren.

A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

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I remained in the tent from 6.45 until 8 a.m., during which time the young were fed twenty-one times, eleven times by the female and ten times by the male. The intervals between the visits were fairly regular. Occasionally one of the birds made two or three visits with intervals between of 5min. or 6min., but generally about 10min. elapsed. I made a note of the time at which each parent brought food to the nest. The female came at 6.45, 6.55, 7, 7.3, 7.12, 7.20, 7.28, 7.39, 7.48 and 8,

and the male at 7, 7.12, 7.15, 7.25, 7.30, 7.33, 7.38, 7.45, 7.50 and 7.55. No doubt food was collected quicker on some occasions than on others. As a rule, the time spent on each visit to the nest varied from 1min. to 2min. Very little attention was paid to the sanitation of the nest, less than in the case of any other



W. Farren.

FEEDING THE YOUNG.

Copyright.

birds I have watched. This may have been due to the fact that the young would soon be leaving their home. On three occasions only I saw the female clean out the nest and carry away the excretions.

The next day was Sunday—Whit-Sunday—and as it was not my garden, I did not visit the chaffinches again until seven o'clock on Monday morning. While I was putting my camera into the tent one of the young birds climbed out of the nest; it settled down again, however, when I caught and returned it. There was a heavy mist, which showed signs of dispersing, so I made no attempt to photograph until 7.45, when the sun came out shining full upon the nest. The young were fed at about the same intervals as on the previous morning. Shortly after eight o'clock, when I had twice photographed the female standing on the side of the nest after feeding the brood, one of the young birds left the nest, scrambling out of sight into the middle of the bush. The female came no more to the nest, but confined her exertions to feeding the truant, so I had no further opportunity of photographing her nor of keeping exact account of her visits. The male, however, was very industrious, and devoted his attentions entirely to the two birds in the nest, and the light being good I secured of him an interesting series of pictures. The food consisted of small green caterpillars (probably of Geometrid and Tortricid moths) and some of the smaller Tipulæ or daddy-long-legs, and once at least of a Skipper butterfly. It



W. Farren. A TROUBLESOME MOUTHFUL.

Copyright.

was not easy to identify the nature of the food, since generally it was carried quite hidden from sight in the mouth or throat, and it was only as it was regurgitated just before delivery to the young that I caught sight of it. I afterwards found some pieces which had been dropped in the nest, by which I was able to confirm my previous identification. After delivering the food he had brought, the male chaffinch had a very pretty way of gazing into the faces of the young birds, apparently in order to see if they were successful in swallowing, for several times on a young bird opening its mouth he readjusted the food so that it

was satisfactorily swallowed, or removed it and gave it to the other young bird.

On this morning my notebook records sixteen visits made by the chaffinches with food to the nest from 7 to 8.45, viz., six by the female and ten by the male. The latter was at times very regular in his visits; from 8.30 to 8.43 he came four times, viz., at 8.30, 8.35, 8.40 and 8.43. In addition to the sixteen visits noted were the number of times the female fed the young bird which left the nest, of which I could make no record.

WILLIAM FARREN.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

APPROPRIATELY dedicated to Mr. A. H. Bullen, there has just appeared a volume of *Early English Lyrics: Amorous, Divine, Moral and Trivial*, chosen by E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick (Bullen). It is a book that our modern poets should, metaphorically speaking, take to bed with them, because it brings into strong and telling contrast the direct, simple and natural language of mediæval times with the over-refined, complicated and super-sensitive poetry of to-day. The poets who composed the lyrics in this book were not so egotistic, self-conscious and introspective as is the average minor poet of to-day, a being who seems to think not only that he is the centre of the universe, but that there is no other, and has been no other, like him. The compilers of the collection before us have divided the poems into four classes, namely, Amorous, Divine, Moral and Trivial. The division is more or less arbitrary. We see no particular reason for saying that "Sumer is icumen in" belongs to the class of amorous poetry. It is as natural as a bird note in spring welcoming the softer breezes that bring in the violet and the daffodil. There is a learned comment in the appendix, but it puts forward no reason for including the piece in this particular section. The writer comes to the conclusion that it is "a Rota or Rondel, a form of mediæval descant or harmonised part-music, in which all the parts are sung to the same words." Of course there is no need to dwell on cuckoo songs at this time of day. This one is remarkable chiefly because of the freshness and charm with which it invests what had already become a popular figure in literature. The early poet was not distinguished by very wide knowledge of Nature. Among the birds he loved were the cuckoo, the nightingale and the lark, and he had a few flowers in the garland which he collected from Nature, among which the daisy, the rose and the primrose were the most conspicuous, although many others are occasionally mentioned. You get a considerable catalogue in John Skelton's lines to Mistress Isabel Pennell:

The ruddy rosary,
The sovereign rosemary,
The pretty strawberry,
The columbine, the nepthe,
The gilliflower well set,
The proper violet,
Ennewed your colour
Is like the daisy flower
After the April shower.

In winter the holly furnished many similes:

As the holly groweth green
With ivy all alone,
When floweres can not be seen
And green wood leaves be gone.
Now unto my lady,
Promise to her I make,
From all other only
To her I me betake.

Yet this simple verse suggested to succeeding poets much of what is now considered most valuable in English literature. For example, the following lines must inevitably recall a famous passage in Tennyson's "Maud":

Western wind, when will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain?
Christ, if my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

The commentator, curiously enough, finds several parallels to the first line, such as:

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?

but does not mention the passage beginning:

On that t'were possible.

In a love poem of Sir Thomas Phillips's we get the names of what must have been the favourite flowers of his time: marjoram, lavender, columbine, gilliflower, borage, camomile and savory. But it is not the painting of Nature dragged into the poem, but the free and spontaneous expression of feeling, that imparts

value to these lyrics. Nothing could well be more natural than the following:

Who shal have my fair lady?
Who shall have my fair lady?
Who but I, who but I, who but I?
Under the leaves green!
The fairest man
That best love can,
Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
Under the leaves green!

In the section which is devoted to the trivial the delights of eating and drinking are sung with as much gusto as those of Cupid. There are not many drinking songs connected with ale better than that one which begins:

Bring us in no browne bred, for that is made of brane,
Nor bring us in no white bred, for therein is no gane,
But bring us in good ale!
Bring us in no befe, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that goth downe at ones,
And bring us in good ale!
Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fate,
But bring us in god ale, and gife us enought of that;
And bring us in good ale!
Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clene,
But bring us in good ale!

Here we have jollity in its most adequate expression—the jollity of people who enjoy life for itself, as in the "pastime with good company" of Henry VIII. But behind it all was a certain melancholy:

This world is love is gon awai,
So dew on graspe in somer is dai.

Or, as Nash was to sing later:

Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.

Mr. Chambers of all this says well:

Sentiment is no essential part of the Christian attitude towards life. Perhaps we have to do with a matter of racial temperament rather than of creed, and it is the Anglo-Saxon melancholy that inspires so keen a sense of the transitoriness and uncertainty of all mortal things. It speaks, as it were, with the least qualification in the lullaby (No. XCI) of the Kildare manuscript. By this sad lilt the very child in his cradle is taught that sorrow is the law of life. Weeping he comes into the world, and with good cause, for the world will be his foe, as it has ever been the foe of his 'eldren.' His foot is in the wheel, and he is beginning a pilgrimage, at the end of which death out of 'a wel dim horre' awaits him. It is the very cry of pagan Lear, as he feels the foundations of his life crumbling around him.

Thou knowest, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry . . .
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

It has been well said that the early poetry of Great Britain, like that of other nations, grew out of folk-song, and folk-song to a very great extent many of these lyrics are. For example, "Jolly Jugglere" has evidently had its origin in local suppositions:

He jugged to him a well good stede
Of an old hors bone,
A sadill and a bridill both,
And set himself thereon.
A juggeler he was,

and the end of the story is extremely similar to that of many a fairy tale:

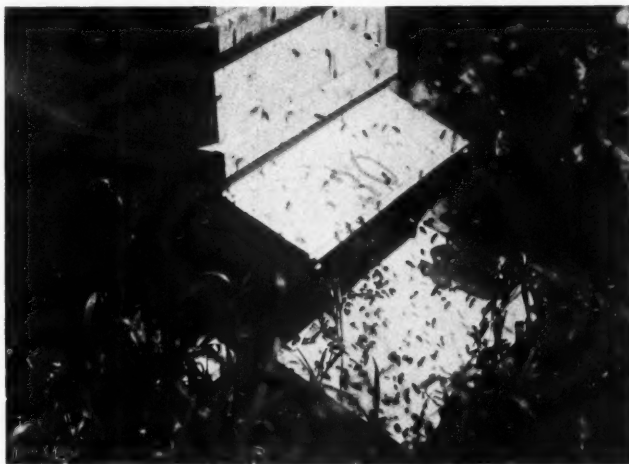
She lade him to an hill,
And hanged shuld he be.
He jugged himself to a mele pok;
The dust fell in her eye;
Begiled she was.

The book, on the whole, is one for which we have reason to be thankful, as the pieces in it have been chosen both with care and knowledge. Some of them approach closely to the confines of good taste as it is understood in these modern times; but they never pass the barrier. Indeed, it was inevitable that people who took life so simply and so literally as our forefathers did between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries should use direct terms, which in the refinement of to-day have become obsolete.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SWARM.

It is one of the strangest things in that wonderful city of wonders, the beehive, that two-thirds of the great population with their queen should, at a certain time, desert their old home—a home, too, that is full of stores, and at a time when the nectar from the flowers is beginning to be gathered in plenty. It has often been asked, Why do they give up this home of plenty and launch themselves into an uncertain destiny, which, if the weather should turn wild or stormy, would mean starvation to them in a very short space of time? What is it that induces this little people to leave behind them a city full of the sweetest food of summer, a home overflowing with all they love and cherish, and launch themselves out into the great world around them, into an unknown destiny; for they know not whither to go or what may be their fate? This is one of the mysteries of the hive and one of Nature's enigmas.

Some few weeks before the full supply of honey begins to come from the hive the queen lays an extra large quantity of eggs; every cell is filled either with an egg, a grub, or sealed larvæ. The queen commenced her duties of egg-laying in the very early part of the year, and when the yellow crocuses bloomed and the skylark sang his song of love and told us that the spring was coming, laid about 100 eggs each day; and when the willows bloomed, with their big, yellow, sweet-smelling catkins, and the celandine and buttercups peeped from the green grass, she laid an egg in still more cells daily; and then, when the flowers of the real great spring arrived and the orchards and gardens were white with blossom, the queen was laying at the rate of 3,000 eggs each day. Hence each setting sun sees 1,000 or more young bees brought into being. At the approach of June the city becomes too prosperous; and this is exactly the condition in which the modern beekeeper likes to have his hive, for, if swarming can be prevented, a large surplus



O. G. Pike.

LEAVING THE HIVE.

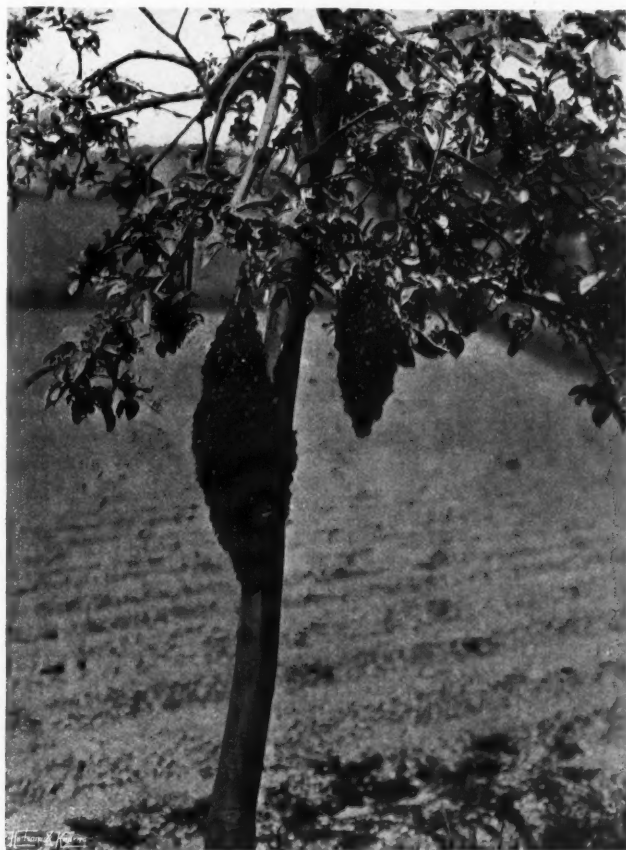
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of honey is stored. As much as 400lb. has been taken from a single hive in one season in the West of England. But, if the beekeeper does not prevent swarming, a great restlessness seizes the inhabitants, and they run hurriedly over the walls of sleeping nymphs—or bees in the chrysalis stage. The four, six, or perhaps eight, large yellow cells containing the future young queens, now princesses, as it were, sleeping in their golden cradles, are hanging silently from the waxen walls of the city. The hive is packed with bees; in the evening 100 or more will hang in a small cluster outside the entrance, for inside there is absolutely no more space for them. The young bees are daily

leaving their cells in greatly increasing numbers, and these crowd the interior still more uncomfortably, and more old bees have to find room outside. During the day the heat must be intense and almost unbearable, and sometimes the walls of wax break away from their supports and hundreds of bees are crushed or smothered in honey. Even the bees themselves cannot stand so high a temperature; the queen becomes excited, runs over the combs, her attendants try



O. G. Pike. RALLYING ROUND THEIR QUEEN. Copyright.



O. G. Pike.

A DIVIDED SWARM.

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to follow, and the temperature is still further raised. A mysterious power seems now to seize the queen. She has worked in the darkness of the hive all these months, and now this wonderful power tells her she must desert the home she has peopled. She has done her duty as a giver of life; she has brought into existence, since she last looked on the sun, 200,000 worker bees, and perhaps over 1,000 drones. All save the building of the cells and the collection of honey has been her work; she has given to this city of golden wax a great population, and now she and her workers, which have laboured all these weeks, must leave; and the enormous quantities of stores will never be tasted by them; all is for future generations. Surely a strange law is this, but it must be obeyed. About 30,000 worker bees go to the cells of honey, plunge their heads in and take their fill of sweet food, or sufficient to sustain them for four days. Then when the morning

sun is rising towards the zenith, the bees with a joyful hum pour out of the hive in what looks like a ceaseless stream. The queen who for so many months has been shut up in the darkness of the hive once more goes out into the flower-scented air and joins the vast numbers flying around. She, not used to a long flight, soon settles on a branch close to her old home. Imagine 30,000 bright-winged insects flying around in a circumference of about 60 yds. The air is full of them; a loud, far-reaching hum is heard, not an angry buzz, but a pleasing sound, as though this little people were sounding their note of joy. It is the only hour of idleness known to them throughout their short life, one brief holiday in a busy existence. No wonder, therefore, that they give out this happy sound and fly with joyful speed, now here, now there, and as we stand near or underneath them and look up it is as though there was a curious chequered carpet of moving bees above. Nearly every leaf has a bee settling on it; they are searching for their queen. Those bees nearest to her cluster around and call the others to them, and slowly this multitude gathers to her. The space covered by the flying bees becomes less, and we see a golden brown bag of living bees being formed before us. The cluster grows and fewer bees are flying, the happiness of their note ceases, and what, a few minutes before, was a terrifying spectacle to a stranger is now a scene of peace, and instead of a noisy crowd of insects there is just a cluster of bees all silently packed together on the branch.

In the time of our forefathers it was the custom to "ring out" the bees when they were swarming; and, indeed, this custom even now prevails in many country districts. When my own bees have swarmed some of the farm labourers near, being attracted by the loud buzzing and cloud of bees, have remarked, "You should ring them out." It is difficult to get at the origin of this strange custom. To "ring them out" it is not necessary to have a bell; any old can, kettle or tray, beaten vigorously with a stick, is supposed to answer the purpose. This, when beaten near the hive, is supposed to have the power of hurrying out the bees, and also to make them cluster more quickly. But noises of all kinds have been proved to have no effect on bees; if a gun is fired close to a hive the ingoing and outgoing workers will not take the slightest notice. I think the most feasible suggestion of the origin of this custom is the following: In the early days of bee-keeping, the men-folk would often during swarming-time be working in the fields, and their wives, who were at home, used to ring a bell or make some other noise to attract the notice of their husbands, and this was used as a signal to let them know the bees were swarming in the cottage garden.

But to return to our swarm, which is hanging still and silent on the branch of an orchard tree. Either before the bees settled, or alter, a certain number of scouts are sent out to search for a new home. Sometimes, if empty hives are available in the apiary, the scouts will visit these and return to the swarm, and presently all the bees leave the tree and fly off to their new home. But it is more often the case that the scouts will fly a

great distance, and carefully search old trees for large hollow cavities with small entrances. Others will carefully go over the roofs of old buildings, while perhaps another will look at a decaying wall in the hope of finding some hole that would make a suitable home. Then the scouts, having discovered a place suitable for the construction of another city, all hurry homewards, or to where the swarm is still silently hanging. They go straight to the cluster, and who can say what strange communication takes place between them and the clustering bees? Do they go straight to the queen and induce her to follow them to the place chosen, or do they communicate the situation of the new home to their companions? However, all suddenly leave the branch, spread out, fly round for a short time until all

have left the tree, and then go straight off over the flowery meadows, over hills and dales, flying past villages maybe, or over country towns; but straight they go, like a small travelling cloud, until their chosen home is reached. Then, clustering at the entrance, they all walk soberly in, instantly set to work to clean out their new apartments, and the construction of a new city is at once begun. They seem to have forgotten their old home, with all its stores; their thoughts are not of the past. All their energy is faithfully given to the future, and their native city is forgotten. Try to imagine what this means. It is like a large human colony deserting all their stores and setting out into a strange country with nothing; going there to seek their fortune or perish in the attempt. And many of these swarms that thus return to Nature are lost. If the weather should be cold or wet, so that none of the 30,000 workers can go out and forage for food, the whole number perish. Should the queen be lost in the time of swarming, as sometimes happens, the whole army of bees will return to the hive they have left, knowing well that without their queen, or mother, to give her her correct title, they would be helpless, for, although they could construct a new city, they could not people it.

OLIVER G. PIKE.



O. G. Pike.

A RESTLESS QUEEN.

Bees leaving large cluster to follow her to small one.

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A BIRD SANCTUARY.

BLUE, pure, almost unclouded blue above, of which glimpses can be obtained, though only in the more open spaces of the wood, so thick elsewhere is the canopy of foliage; blue, but deeper and more intense, below, around our feet, under the trees and visible down the long perspective of the paths; tender green of fresh young leaves; exquisite melody of thousands of "sweet-throated things"—such was the bird sanctuary as I saw it on a perfect afternoon in mid-May. Flowers there are in plenty in that secluded grove, delicate white stitchwort star beyond star, just flecked with orange on the stamens; "yellow cups so bright and clear" of wood crowfoot, or golden locks, as the old-time herbalists were wont to call it; and the curious blossom of the arum known by many names, such as cuckoo pint, wake robin and to children

as lords and ladies, from which a valuable cosmetic was once made, much prized by the beauties of the old Court of France. A few primroses, too, there are, primroses which once grew here thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, but which now are rare owing to the depredations of such as make a trade of hawking flowers through the streets, thieves with whom even the precautions of thorn fence and a keeper, not, unfortunately, able, like Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, to be in two places at the same time, are insufficient to cope. But, as has been said, the prevailing tone is blue. Blue with thronging masses of wild hyacinth, the flower which Apollo, repenting of his crime, caused to spring up over the spot watered by the blood of the beautiful youth whom he had slain in a fit of jealousy, and in whose honour the ancient Greeks held high festival every year, while their descendants look on his sacred flower in much the same light as we do on the orange blossom, and wreath with it the temples of a bride. Our English variety, not being marked, as the Grecian one is said to be, by characters denoting grief, was at one time known scientifically as *Hyacinthus non-scriptus*. Milton's description of curly hair as hyacinthine was doubtless in allusion to the upturned petals of the lovely blossom, which in many places forms a blue carpet for the bird sanctuary.

But where is the bird sanctuary? may possibly and not unreasonably be asked. Ah! that is more or less of a secret to all except the favoured few, the spot being so fair and sweet that, were "the general" aware of its exact locality, a locality within easily measurable distance of the great, crowded, toiling city, so many visitors would flock thither that there would be no room for the birds. These are now so tame, notwithstanding the incursions of the primrose stealers, that they allowed us to come quite close to their nests without showing any signs of fear, unless in passing we happened inadvertently to shake the branches amidst which their tiny homes were placed. These homes are of many kinds, for Mr. Read, the ornithologist, has counted no less than twenty-six species of birds which build or have built their nests here. Some of these have now disappeared, among them the nightingales, which are, unfortunately for themselves and for the human race too, very easy to capture, and, no doubt, have been trapped so ruthlessly that all which were left of them sought shelter elsewhere. There is another bird, however, whose song is only a little inferior in sweetness, which still finds a resting-place in this quiet spot. I allude to the blackcap, which has been aptly called "the contralto singer of the woodland choir." It is known in Germany as the monk, in allusion to its cowl-like head-gear, its general appearance being very captivating from the lightness and grace of its build and plumage. The shrike or butcher-bird, so named from its habit of impaling its victims on a thorn and coming as the fancy takes it to sever a portion from the "carcase," is another of the summer visitors which take up their abode here. So is the long-tailed tit, whose nest almost equals that of the sun-bird of Eastern lands in the skill with which it is built up, of grasses, lichens and moss, all covered over with spiders' web, or else with the silk torn from the cocoon of some insect. So cunningly is it devised that it is difficult to discover which is branch and which is nest without a very close inspection indeed. Some of the larger dwellers in the wood, notably the blackbird and thrush, seem to have cast aside all fear, building their nests close to the pathways, and with little or no attempt at concealment. No doubt, like most members of the animal kingdom, birds know whom they can trust, and except for the intruders who now and again manage to break in, all connected with this wood are their friends.

The idea of such a shelter was entertained a good many years ago by several members of the Selborne Society, but it was not till the end of 1902 that the project took definite shape. A sub-committee was then formed, with the result that arrangements were made with the farmer on whose land this charming wood stands

both as to its rental and protection. For the last year or two more active interest has been taken in the place by the committee.

So sweet and sylvan is the shade, so far away, if not in actual distance, certainly in all else, is it from the busy haunts of men, that one almost expects to meet Rosalind and Celia strolling down some winding path, or to see Robin Hood and his merrie men bursting through the undergrowth. The wood is about nineteen acres in extent, and is chiefly composed of oak, though other trees are to be found as well, such as the common maple, the pink-blossomed crab, the willow and an occasional ash. And oh! the exquisite thrilling of the happy winged creatures, so carefully guarded here! We feel in listening to the song that we must exclaim with Tennyson,

Hear how the bushes echo! By my life
These birds have joyful thoughts.

MARY F. A. TENCH.

THE ANCIENT PRACTICE OF CARAVANNING.

AS a general rule the holiday-maker is not very original or ambitious in the choice of his pursuits. He is content to go to the seaside and trust to luck as to what he shall find there, or to return, year after year, to his favourite trouting stream, or more often to fall back upon that great solace for wearied souls—golf. And he will play his two rounds a day if it be fine, or read his papers through if it be wet, until he finds that the new routine works as smoothly as the one he has left behind. But there are some of a more adventurous habit of mind, who look to find a new thing upon



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UNHARNESSING AT A STOP.

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PREPARING THE EVENING MEAL.

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their holiday, to break the many habits of their life and explore some unusual phase of existence. These are the yachtsmen, the campers and the caravanners. It must be admitted that the caravanner, although he, too, has something within him of the explorer and the pioneer, is, in comparison with the others, no very heroic figure. The adventures that he will meet with are of a mild domestic description, and he will have none of the peculiar satisfaction of risking life and limb. He will not even dress like a tramp, and shave every other Sunday, as the camper loves to do; nor will he sleep in a tarpaulin, and count himself lucky if he has dry straw beneath him; nor yet will he try to fry bacon on a wood fire in the rain. He carries with him most of the arts of civilisation, and his house is wonderfully like any other house, only that it is on wheels and everything in it is of diminutive proportions. But he is an explorer, nevertheless, even although he takes his wife and family and has

no need to make his will before he starts.

Whereas other people make a journey to reach a certain destination, and, indeed, regard the journey as a necessary evil, the caravanner—having no destination to reach—goes out to make a journey solely for the sake of travelling. The day's march on the one hand, and the camp on the other, are his two great interests; and if he takes the road with a genial spirit and an open mind he will find life full of pleasant episodes and memorable scenes. For all he does is set in a picturesque and romantic setting. He will have a new sympathy for his fellow-vagabond—the tramp under the hedge, or the circus proprietor in his gilded waggon—and for all he meets upon the common road. And he will even find himself upon a new and

intimate footing with the bird that patters on the roof at dawn, or the cow that rubs against the shafts, while his horse is a comrade-in-arms well worthy of his friendship. This fascinating nomad life on the open road, that is so simple, so healthy, so fine a rest for wearied brains, so complete a change from monotonous surroundings, and withal so cheap and easy an undertaking, would, I think, be far more in favour than it is if people understood the nature of it better and how to set about it. Perhaps a few hints from one who regards a summer without a caravan tour as a summer lost, and who, indeed, at times feels lonely and ill at ease walking without a caravan to set the pace, may help to show the way to new recruits who would also join the Ancient Order of Caravanners.

The size of a caravan is limited by the gates one has to encounter in narrow lanes. It must not be, at the outside, more than 18ft. in length and 6ft. 6in. in breadth. It is far better if it



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ALMOST BURIED IN THE WOODS.

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Ward Muir.

THE EVENING SHADOWS FALL.

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is only 12ft. or 14ft. in length; and, strictly speaking, it is not possible to carry more than three people comfortably, though I have carried five. But we may easily supplement the caravan with a tent, in which one or two of the party sleep, while all can dine inside. If there are ladies in the party this is much the simplest plan. It is, in my estimation, of the greatest importance to have your caravan as light as possible, and easily drawn by one horse, not for the sake of making record journeys, but to make "sporting marches" possible. It is also important in these days to use roads, as far as may be, where the motor cannot follow, with its hideous clouds of dust. There should be at least two rooms inside, with light wooden partitions and curtains between; and every corner must be occupied with folding chairs and tables, a cabinet-wasbstand, hanging cupboards and racks. Everything that will collapse must be collapsible, with the exception of the beds, for the caravanner is a tired man when evening comes, and in no good case to wrestle with ingenious devices and fight his way to repose. I strongly recommend a sound oil-stove, an india-rubber bath, candle-brackets on the walls, a cork carpet for the floor, and beds with spring mattresses, one above another, like bunks in a cabin. The door should be in front, and the beds at the far end. There should be plenty of windows that will open, and curtains are much better, warmer and more artistic than blinds. A larder, boxes and hooks for buckets should be slung below the floor.

In the selection of a camp, shelter, privacy and an adjacent water supply are the main considerations. Long grass should be avoided, and if the ground be soft it is well to block in stones at either side of the wheels, or they will sink deep before the

morning. It is a sound plan whenever the weather is good to cook and eat in the open air, as it leaves the van clean and tidy for the night. Dust accumulates rapidly in a caravan; and it should be swept out every evening as soon as the day's march is over. This is very easily done if all tables and chairs shut down against the wall and the carpet is of cork. When on the road the caravanner will, of course, walk for the greater part of the way; and he should from the very beginning cultivate a contempt for weather if he would have a perfect peace of mind. He may "change" as soon as he comes to camp, and need have no cause to go out again, so no ordinary rain should keep him back. A suit of oilskins will be found most useful for foraging on wet evenings. Short marches are the best—some ten or fifteen miles a day; for a caravan does not pretend to be a rapid mode of transit.

The horse should be a strong dray-horse, not too heavy, and capable of trotting when roads are good or the way lies down hill. There is no need to carry a large store of provisions, as one can, as a rule, live handsomely off the country. As to where to go, that is chiefly a matter of individual choice. There is a vast variety of country, within reach of good roads, to select from. It is a mistake to be labouring continually among hills; but, at the same time, the main roads, since the motor has taken possession, are not so pleasant to the caravanner as of

yore. For myself, I choose always the wilder districts wherever there is good going. There is an abundance of fine camping-grounds upon the moors.

The caravanner will soon pass under the influence of the beneficent Spirit of the Road, and will come to love his hobby for its charm and respect it for its antiquity; for, long before the



Ward Muir.

INTERIOR OF AUTHOR'S CARAVAN.

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days of bricks and mortar, the world was full of caravanners. It is no new mode of life, but the oldest of all. The real innovators are not the caravanners, but those who live in houses shorn of wheels.

BERTRAM SMITH.

THE HABITS OF THE TROUT.

THE characteristics of *Salmo fario*, or the common trout, are so well known to all readers that it would be superfluous to describe them in detail. It is rather my purpose to endeavour, in the course of this article, to throw a little light on some of the interesting problems connected with the life history of this species of fresh-water fish. In the first place, it will be necessary to consider to what extent the trout is affected by its diet, by extremes of climate and by its surroundings, for I maintain that on these three factors its appearance, shape, colour and weight are dependent. The variations in its habits in different localities can generally be traced to one or other of these three factors; and, unlike its relatives of the salmon tribe, we can follow its movements from season to season without being baffled by the migratory instinct which leads the latter from fresh to salt water at certain fixed periods of their existence. That there is but one species of trout is tolerably certain; but different combinations of the diet, surroundings and climatic conditions are capable of producing well-marked varieties, which eventually become known as characteristic types of the waters in which they are found. Loch Leven trout, for example, introduced to a slow-moving stream flowing through rich agricultural land, assume the characteristics of the trout indigenous to the water, and burn trout, which in their native streamlet would possibly attain a maximum weight of 4oz. to 6oz., flourish exceedingly and grow to a great size if transported to a lake or pond where suitable food is plentiful.

This, however, cannot be said to apply with certainty to fish which have reached maturity, and it would obviously be folly to expect a trout which had reached old age in a moorland stream to grow in length when transported to water where food existed in abundance. It would, without doubt, increase in weight, as a lean ewe, though perhaps cast for age, fattens on leaving the hill grazings for low-ground pasture. Conversely, however, the opposite would be the case, and a fish which had attained to its full growth in a stream where food was plentiful would inevitably fall off in condition if transferred to a mountain burn. Provided that the rigours of the winter did not put a summary end to its existence, it would become a cannibal and prey on its smaller brethren.

When dealing with birds and mammals it is, comparatively speaking, an easy matter to determine at what stage the growth of the individual ceases and when maturity is attained in any given species. When, however, the finny denizens of our rivers and lakes are the object of our enquiries, we are confronted with the startling fact that, as with many trees, the maximum growth is only attained under circumstances most favourable to the development of the species. In human beings scarcity of food and difficulty in obtaining nourishment tend to age the individual prematurely, sharpens his wits, although his frame may remain stunted. In his case, maturity is attained as soon as, and perhaps sooner than, in the case of other individuals whose lot has been cast in more favourable places. With trout it is otherwise, and maturity, as well as growth, seems to be actually retarded by adverse conditions.

The maximum age attained by trout, as well as the number of years required to reach maturity, must ever remain a mystery for this reason; but from observations made on individuals confined in ponds and wells, where, immune from danger, they have been fed by hand, prove conclusively that the species is by no means short-lived. The growth and condition of trout, together with their appearance, are, as stated above, dependent upon the circumstances under which they exist. Their size and weight increase and decrease in direct proportion to the quantity and quality or scarcity of suitable food. Their appearance, however, depends upon the nature of the stream or lake in which they dwell, upon the colour of the water and, above all, on the formation of the bed of the river or lake. We are all familiar with the dark hue of the moorland trout, varying from a rich dark brown to a dirty black as we ascend the burns, finally tracing them to the peaty tarns from whence they flow. The trout commonly known as the Loch Leven variety, if transferred to a moorland tarn, soon lose their rich colouring and become dark in skin like those native to the water, and this is probably the origin of a theory recently mooted to account for the disappearance of rainbow trout from lakes where large numbers have been introduced. It has been suggested that the rainbows in course of time assume the appearance of their neighbours, and when caught cannot be distinguished from the original inhabitants.

The supporters of this theory have overlooked the fact that the rainbow trout is a distinct species, and not merely a variety of *Salmo fario*. The evolution of species from well-marked types or varieties is only possible through the course of ages; and one species could not be assimilated to another in such a short period as a decade or even twenty or thirty years. Interbreeding has also been suggested; but the apparent disappearance of the rainbows cannot be accounted for by this means in ponds where, owing to lack of running water, there are no facilities for spawning. The cause is, in my opinion, far simpler. After the first few years, during which the rainbows are remarkable for surface feeding, they resort to bottom feeding and become more sluggish, and after this occurs few are taken with the fly. I should recommend those who have suffered from this apparent disappearance of their rainbows to experiment with worm and minnow.

It should, however, be remembered that the migratory instinct is strongly developed in this species, and that they will take advantage of any loophole of escape. They should, therefore, be introduced with caution, and not only should gratings be placed on all outlets from the pond or lake, but care should also be taken that these gratings are kept in order. In all species of trout increase in weight and size tends to make the individual sluggish, and surface feeding loses its attractions. A small fly, though not to be despised by a small trout, is hardly worth the consideration of a monster who would require many hundreds to satisfy his appetite. If bottom food is plentiful, trout over 3lb. in weight are rarely taken on the fly, unless the latter be of large size and sunk deep in the water. In such rivers as the Tweed, Tay and Spey, the majority of big trout taken in the season fall victims to the salmon fly, minnow or some other form of spinning bait; and though the angler using small flies may creel good baskets, the really big trout seldom come his way, while it is wise to remember that the great trout of the Thames are only to be obtained by means of the bait. It is instructive to watch one of these monsters on the feed in some swirling weir pool where bleak and minnows congregate in thousands. I have seen such a one dash headlong into a shoal up to my very feet, and when the bleak start to fling themselves in all directions it is a sure sign that a big fish is on the feed. This is the angler's chance. The live bait is swiftly over the spot and the great trout is hooked, caught—or lost.

As in the Thames, so in other rivers where bottom food is plentiful. At certain intervals the monsters sally forth from their lair and for a very brief space of time run amuck among their fellows, retiring gorged in perhaps an hour or less. In addition to his cannibalistic tendencies, the big trout has more power for reaching the larvæ which lie among the shingle and the pebbles at the river bottom, his powerful snout or "beak" burrowing for them with comparative ease. Of the big trout which inhabit the quiet reaches of the Upper Spey I have written much elsewhere, and have made a close study of their habits, which closely resemble the ways of their Thames brethren. They feed rarely and for a brief space of time, seldom coming to the surface except during a spate. The abundance of bottom feeding keeps them in condition throughout the winter, and in the summer they move up stream towards the great pools where the mountain streams join the parent river. In these latter they spawn. So it is in all our great rivers where trout wax large and, with rich feeding, attain their maximum weight. Anglers in the North are handicapped by the absence of the May-fly, which alone brings the big trout of South Country streams to the surface.

Trout over 3lb. in weight are as destructive to fry as pike of the same size, and it is the old fish which work the greatest havoc in this respect. These can generally be distinguished by a certain coarseness of appearance, and are often darker in colour than those in their prime. Somewhat lanky in shape and with a pronounced "beak," these fish, though in poor condition, should never be returned to the water in the hope of their improvement. In order to produce trout of great size and weight, a river must be rich in bottom feeding at all seasons of the year. Many streams, especially in mountainous districts, provide ample food for the spring, summer and autumn months, but fail to yield more than a bare living in winter. The nature of the soil through which the stream flows, its character and sub-soil, together with the depth at which it gives place to rock, determine the formation of the bed of the river. A stream flowing through a rich deep soil with water meadows on either side runs deep and supplies good bottom feeding, while in a mountain burn, whose bed is the bare rock, the fish are dependent upon frequent floods and surface feeding. For weeks on end the latter may be practically closed by ice, a mere trickle of water running below the coating. In the former the trout are free to move at will, though the skate blades hum above them. Thus in the mountain burns trout practically hibernate during the winter, and under these circumstances their existence through a prolonged storm seems little short of miraculous. On the other hand, before set lines were made illegal, the writer has seen trout

dragged out through a hole in the ice in January in the Spey in the finest possible condition, there being no lack of bottom feeding below the ice.

When introducing trout to alien waters these points should be taken into consideration, and care should be taken that under

no circumstances are they transferred from lakes or streams where food is abundant to others where the conditions are less favourable. On the other hand, it is not desirable to introduce a stunted breed of burn trout into a lake where a better class of fish would thrive.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE POPPIES.

THE month of golden Corn and Poppies is at hand. We love the scarlet of our wilding, though the farmer does not, and enjoy its variations in the garden, where, under the name of "Shirley" Poppy, it embraces many exquisite shades and delicate margins to flowers that otherwise may be described as "self." The writer is looking across a wild garden over which the Shirley Poppy has been scattered in wild profusion—it is wild in the truest sense. A little orchard has been planned, the little orchard that the late Kate Greenaway delighted to paint, and there enjoyed the gambols of pink-cheeked maidens in pink frocks. When March meets April, the now long grass is a sea of Daffodils, and when these have flown, Poppy seed is sown in the large round spaces surrounding the trees. It is very unconventional; but for this reason appeals to the writer, to whom a rigid setting out of plants is an abomination. Shirley Poppy seed germinates with the greatest freedom; it has inherited the vices of its race, and only by severe thinning out is one enabled to achieve the most satisfying results. We adopt what the nurseryman and gardener calls "rogueing," that is, destroying every flower that shows a departure from the true type, and what, some may ask, does that signify? Perhaps it will be as well to leave the story to the Rev. W. Wilks, who is responsible for this lovely annual flower, and named "Shirley" after the village of which he is vicar. Shirley Poppies arose in this way: "In 1880, I noticed, in a north corner of my garden abutting on the fields, a patch of the common wild Field Poppy (*Papaver Rhæas*), one solitary flower of which had a narrow edge of white. This one flower I marked, and saved the seed of it alone. Next year out of perhaps two hundred plants I had four or five on which all the flowers were edged. The best of these were marked and the seed sowed, and so for several years, the flowers all the while getting a larger infusion of white to tone down the red until they arrived at quite pale pink, and one plant absolutely pure white. I then set myself to change the black central portions of the flowers from black to yellow or white, and having at last fixed a strain with petals varying in colour from the brightest scarlet to pure white, with all shades of pink between and all varieties of flakes and edged flowers also, but all having yellow or white stamens, anthers, and pollen, and a white base. . . . The Shirley Poppies have thus been obtained simply by selection and elimination. By 'selection' I mean the saving seed only from selected flowers, and by 'elimination' the instant and total eradication of any plant that bears inferior flowers. Shirley Poppies are single, always have a white base, yellow or white stamens or pollen, and never have the smallest particle of black about them. Double Poppies and Poppies with black centres may be greatly admired, but they are not Shirley Poppies." It is not only in this wild patch that the flower has in a sense naturalised itself, but we have sown it between the posts of the pergola, to give colour there until the Madonna Lilies have taken full possession. The Shirley Poppy is delightful to gather for the house in the half-bud stage, the flower opening as fresh and fair as any bud in the garden. In the case of all Poppies it is essential to thin out severely to obtain a wealth of bloom and the true growth.

RAISING NEW SWEET PEAS.

In an interesting little pamphlet sent to us from Messrs. Dobbie and Co. of Rothesay on Sweet Peas reference is made to raising new varieties. This most fragrant of annual flowers is bursting into bloom, and some growers may be desirous of obtaining some novelty quite distinct from anything in existence. The process is here set forth: "There are two methods of obtaining new varieties: (1) Raising from cross-fertilised seed; (2) selecting and fixing variations. The first process is carried on as follows: Select a young bud of the variety which is to form the seed-bearing parent; carefully open it by pulling the keel gently downwards while holding the bud firmly with the left hand. The keel will spring back again, but this can be prevented by a slight alteration of the position of finger and thumb of the left hand. With

a pair of tweezers remove the ten stamens if none of the anthers has burst. If even one of the anthers has burst and the pollen is liberated the flower is of no use for cross-fertilisation. A good lens should always be handy, as only by this means can one be certain that no pollen has got on to the stigma. Pollen should then be conveyed from the variety which is forming the male parent and placed on the stigma of the bud which has been prepared to receive it. The fertilised bud must be marked and numbered and the resultant pod carefully treasured for sowing the following spring. The first year's produce from cross-fertilised seed will resemble the female parent. Seed from it must again be carefully saved, and the following year a number of breaks will appear and efforts must be made to fix those which are worthy. Variations appearing among

named varieties which are considered valuable should be carefully drawn to one side of the row and fixed by means of raffia to a separate stick. The seed should be saved and sown the following season. It is possible that only one or two plants may be equal to the parent. All others should be discarded and the true form again saved. This process may have to be carried on for some years until the variety is fixed. Novices should make certain that a supposed variation is not merely a 'rogue'; that is, the produce of a stray seed of another variety."

RANDOM NOTES.

A Beautiful New Spiræa (S. Queen Alexandra).—A correspondent writes: "Wherever it is shown this Spiræa continues to gain admirers, and the recent exhibition in the Inner Temple Gardens formed no exception to the rule, for a group of it was always the centre of a crowd. Though it is nearly three years since this Spiræa appeared, in which the white feathery inflorescence of the common kind is replaced by a bright rosy pink one, it has not yet been distributed to the public, but will be so during the forthcoming autumn. Two forms, Queen Alexandra and Peach Blossom, were exhibited; but the first-named appeared to be the best, being deeper in colour. It is not likely that this Spiræa will in any way take the position held by the ordinary *S. japonica* as a plant for very early forcing, as appearances suggest that under such treatment the flowers would most likely become paler in colour, and therefore be of an undecided rather than a rosy pink tint. For the greenhouse in May, and probably also in April, the charming colour of this Spiræa will commend it to all."

The Lyre-flower (*Dielytra spectabilis*).—One of the cheeriest of late

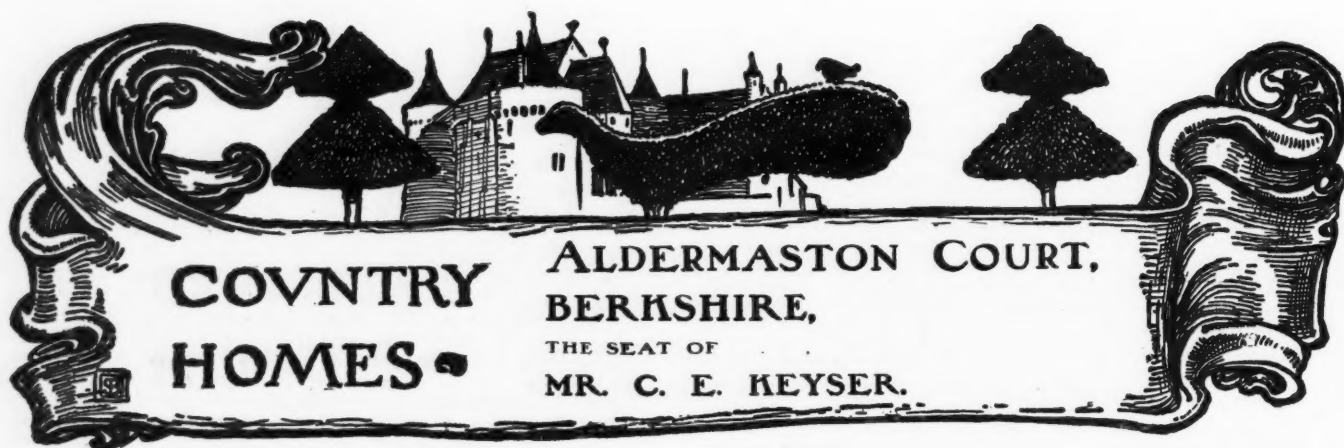
spring and early summer flowers is this *Dielytra*. It enjoys a warm corner and a light soil; then its stems will develop 3 ft. and more, and, studded with pendant rosy crimson flowers, whose shape suggested the popular name. Of the *Dielytras* or *Dicentras*—it is known under both—the Lyre-flower is the most beautiful. The leaves are bright green and heighten the freshness of the flower colouring. When much exposed there is danger of interference by frost; but we have experienced no trouble of this kind when the plant is in a sheltered place.

The Caucasian Poppy Self Sown.—A brilliant patch of colour comes from hundreds of self-sown seedlings of this remarkable Poppy. They are against the flaming Oriental species (*Papaver orientale*), and the effect of the happy marriage is remarkable. *P. caucasicum*, to give the botanical name of the Caucasian Poppy, is blood red, with a black blotch at the base of the florets. Its height is about that of the Shirley Poppy, but nothing among the many forms of this lovely flower is so intense as the Caucasian. We remember a free sowing of it one year in the Royal Gardens, Kew, by woodland walks—a perfect flood of crimson, which is only possible when thousands of plants are grouped together.

A Beautiful Honeysuckle.—We are much interested in a rare and beautiful *Lonicera* or Honeysuckle shown recently by Messrs. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea and named *L. Maackii*. It reminds one of the winter-blooming *L. fragrantissima*, and has flowers of pearly whiteness, which appear at this season in the axils of the leaves. It is a Chinese Honeysuckle, and certainly deserved the award of merit given it by the Royal Horticultural Society.



HONEYSUCKLE ON AN APPLE TREE.



IN no section of architectural development was a more marked forward movement made from Thorpe to Inigo Jones than in the staircase. In the full Gothic period the stair was not a feature of the great man's dwelling—it was merely a means of getting from one floor to another. Its type was the winding stair in the turret, forming its own newel by the spiral superposition of block on block, whether it were stone or oak. Often, as in so many of our surviving church towers, it was of the narrowest and steepest dimensions, but occasionally, in castle or palace, of some amplexity and ease. The more sumptuous building and mode of life which developed in Italy in the fifteenth century, and thence moved gradually North through Flanders and France to England, affected the stairway, which began to emerge from the turret into its own ample room or hall, where scope for elaborate casing and decoration was obtained. But it took the whole of the sixteenth century for this change to establish itself. Even in great Elizabethan houses stairs are simple in character and lack presence. Hardwick was the latest and finest of Lady Shrewsbury's creations, yet the stairway, though of considerable width and easy gradient, is no feature and has no decorative value—it escapes modestly out of a corner of the hall and winds itself nakedly and little perceived up to the next floor. But with the opening of the seventeenth century there is a new departure. Hatfield was begun in 1603, and in 1610 Janivere came from Flanders to superintend and carry out the woodwork. There resulted a noble stairway of elaborate casing, balusters wrought, carved and arched, newel-posts with panels of delicate arabesques surmounted with amorini or heraldic

lions. Of precisely the same character, but, if anything, of ampler proportions, is the Blickling stair, which dates some dozen years later. These elaborate arcaded balustradings were an advance upon the solid and simple turning of the previous generation, and soon another new fashion appears. Carved and pierced panels of stone had long been used in Italy, especially for balconies; now, made of wood, they were introduced in England for the filling under the handrail. Aston had one in strapwork, Hutton another of scrolls and figures, and of this type was that which adorned the house which Sir Humphrey Forster finished building at Aldermaston in 1636.

Aldermaston was a fine domain with rich lands bordering Kennet, but stretching back into the wild forest tract to the south. To-day its 750-acre park is one of the finest in that valley of fine places. If it is less extensive and stately than Savernake higher up, it is more picturesque with its broken ground of constant hill and dale, its stretches of brake, its broad cut groves, its enormous and venerable oaks. From Norman times it had belonged to the Achards, till their heiress carried it to the Delamares under Edward III. Their male line lasted little more than a century, and in Henry VII.'s time it passed, in right of his wife, to Sir George Forster. He was of Harpsden in Oxfordshire, a man of energy, keen on his own advancement, and as lord of Aldermaston and the other Delamare manors he could play his part bravely as one of Henry VIII.'s extravagant *entourage*, and attend his Sovereign at the splendid but expensive pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold without curtailing his acres or impoverishing his estate. At his wife's ancient home



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THE ENTRANCE LODGES

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PART OF THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ON THE UPPER GALLERY.

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BOLD CARVING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he lived and died, and was buried in the adjoining church under the monument which he had previously prepared as his and her last resting-place, and so much to their lasting remembrance that, as our illustration shows, it remains to this day little injured by the decay of time or the violence of man. Its entire similarity with one of the same date in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and its own high quality, show that Sir George's connection with the Court led him to employ for his work one of the eminent artists which the King had gathered about him, and the present lord of the manor does no more than justice when he describes it as "one of the most beautiful and elegant monuments of its age, and the wonderful attention shown to the most minute detail and the excellence of every portion of the carving make it a work of art worthy of the most careful examination." Sir George's effigy gives us an admirable example of a knight in fighting array; his feet rest on a stag and his head on his tilting helm crested with the hind's head. Dame Elizabeth is represented as taller than her husband, and so fully does she occupy the slab that there was no room to set any animal under her feet. Her lapdog, therefore, is set on one side and affectionately mouths her dress. Who or what are all the figures beneath the crocketed canopies of the base? On the side we illustrate are eight armoured men; on the opposite side there were eight female figures, seven of which remain; there are other figures at the ends. Are all these the children? Leland assures us there was a family of twenty. But whether he knew this for a fact, or merely saw the tomb, counted the figures, surmised them to be the children, and bestowed, on such unsubstantial evidence, this ample quiverful on the knight and dame, is now a matter of doubt. Of the problematic twenty we are only concerned with the heir, Sir Humphrey, who succeeded his father in 1533, and does not seem to have stuck at trifles in the assertion of his rights as feudal lord. He claimed, as tenant in capite of the manor of Padworth, to receive fealty and service of Francis Perkins, who occupied it, and who was younger brother to the Squire of Ufton close by. The dispute as to the Aldermaston overlordship had long been acute between the two families, and now broke out openly. So one morning in 1534, between five and six o'clock, Sir Humphrey, accompanied by ten armed retainers, forcibly entered Francis's house, and "gave hym many grete and strang blowes with his Fist." By the time wife Anne got down on to the scene "in her Smok" Sir Humphrey was "furiously treding her husbonde under his Fete," and Anne on her knees had to beg for his life. Dragging him with them, Sir Humphrey and his array adjourned to Ufton, which they "Riotously entered" before 7 a.m., and found the whole family of Richard Perkins breakfasting in their bedroom. Here more assaults were committed, Sir Humphrey, "with Abhomynable and terrible othes," swearing he would make the earth "burne there fete and that every birde that flieth oute of a busshe they shulde thinke to be a sprite." Then he quitted Ufton, and took Francis away with him to Aldermaston and locked him up for twenty-four hours. All this sounds more like the lawless days of the Roses' War, as related in the Paston letters, than the stern enforcement of order, which was the good point of the otherwise heavy rule of the Tudors. It is, however, a wholly *ex parte* statement, and we do not know the other point of view. The jury disagreed as to finding a true bill, so that either the imagination of the Perkins family was vivid, or they were unable to withstand their more powerful neighbour. Clearly his proceedings were not considered too high-handed by the official world, for he was Sheriff of Berkshire, and entertained at Aldermaston Henry VIII., of whose body-guard he was. Perhaps, too, the religious question was beginning to be a cause of strife between the two families; for the Perkinses were, and ever remained, staunch Papists, while Sir Humphrey, early on, "bare good affection to Protestants," and never ceased to regret the part he had to take officially as sheriff in the burning of a reformer for heresy.



THE STAIRCASE AS IT STOOD IN THE OLD HOUSE.

(From a drawing by Nash.)

Except for a visit of Elizabeth (when the setting up and removal of her own bed and furniture cost £4) there is nothing much to chronicle in the history of Aldermaston under the first Sir Humphrey's successors, until his great-grandson, the second Sir Humphrey, who was made a baronet in 1630, built the house, which was still standing when Nash made the drawing which we reproduce. But having suffered somewhat from a fire in 1843, it was ruthlessly destroyed three years later in order that a Victorian architect might build what he considered a Tudor mansion, into which he clumsily squeezed the stair, which no longer has the extent, amplex and finish which it clearly possessed in its original position. It was remarkable for the quite unusual character of the designs of its open-work panels—more nervous, individual and racy, if less delicate and finished in drawing and execution, than the work of this type of which Wren and Grinling Gibbons did so much under the Restoration—and also for the exceptional series of its newel-post figures. English figure-work of this period is generally coarse and lumpy, and occasionally only, as at Blickling, were the figures adequately modelled and wrought. But nowhere so well as at Aldermaston do they show knowledge of anatomy, mastery of attitude and expression, and perfection in the treatment of drapery, combined with that unerring and audacious craftsmanship which triumphantly leaves its tool marks as a desirable and sufficing finish. So numerous were these figures that the new stair had no use for half of them, and they were thrown into the stable loft, till recently rescued and honourably placed in the hall gallery by the present owner. They traverse a wide field of subjects—The Senses, as of hearing and smelling; Biblical personages, as Jael and Judith; contemporary potentates such as Henrietta Maria; heathen gods and goddesses, as Bacchus and Ceres;



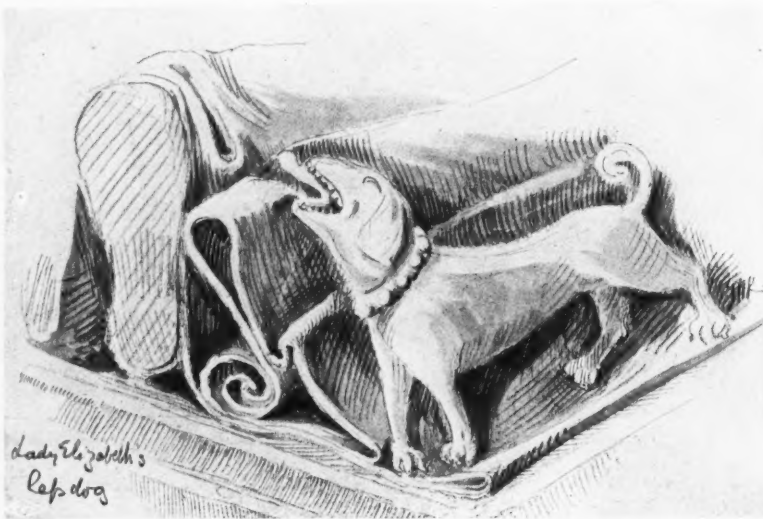
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BACK OF SIR HUMPHREY'S STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and the noble statue of Minerva guarding the first step, of which our illustration gives an admirable presentment. Most

interesting this stair still is; in its original position and sympathetic environment it must have been magnificent. Its authorship is unknown. Like most important houses of its period, Aldermaston was "attributed to Inigo Jones," but it was certainly not carried out, and probably not designed, by him. The stair would assuredly not be his; there is a more intellectual sobriety and a severer classicism about his work, and in all the known examples which we can recall he retained the balusters. The Aldermaston stair is rather the work of a man of instinctive taste and vigorous mind than of a cultured and sensitive master. If



A COMPANION IN LIFE AND DEATH.

its leading handicraftsman was not himself its designer, he clearly had a free hand in its detail. It is said to have been entirely wrought on the spot, and out of Aldermaston oak and beech—out of which also abundant fine work would have been produced for the equal adornment of all the important rooms. "One in mind," wrote Humphrey and Anne his wife on their dedication stone, "we built our house and consecrated it to God and Fate." And fate, in the dark shape of an early Victorian architect, proved most unkind! These two not only built the house which is gone, but also the stables which remain. Of their date, too, was a small building looking down the village street, not as now a pair of lodges with gates between, but a single connected dwelling. The male line of Forster ended in 1711, and the third female descent brought their estates through the Stawells to the Congreves, not by hereditary succession, but by testamentary disposition; for the Stawell heiress, marrying Ralph Congreve and dying



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TOMB OF SIR GEORGE AND LADY FORSTER IN THE CHURCH.

"C.L."

childless, before him, left him Aldermaston, which thus passed away from the blood of the Norman Achards. Ralph left it to William Congreve, and he it was who, finding a fine pair of William III. gates at Midgham, the next parish up the valley, and seeing the æsthetic value for them of the position at the village head, between the two wings of the little seventeenth century building, pulled out its centre and set them there in a very happy fashion. Would that we could give equal praise to all his deeds. Great as were his possessions—he had two other fine places—his expenditure seems to have been greater still. The sale of £20,000 worth of Aldermaston oaks did not right the balance. When, in 1843, part of the house was burnt he lived in the remainder, but, dying soon after, Chancery sold the estate. The new possessor's ambition seems to have been to efface the aspect and traditions of a place which, till his time, had never passed under the hammer. It was made "equal to new," and a house built on anothersite, little of the fine materials of its predecessor being used except the stairs. The great antiquarian love and lore of Mr. Charles Keyser, who bought it a few years ago, cannot avail him, as he would wish, to undo the destruction of a previous generation.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

ME AND MAISTER.

"'E'S a rum 'un, Miss Agnes, ain't 'e? Did ye ever see such a rum 'un? But 'e's as game as owt, an' 'e's goin' to live at Barnum's and show us how to make a fortun'; ain't ye, ma beauty?" "Ma beauty" was a lamb with six legs, three of which were growing out of the left shoulder. In the eyes of no one save those of the shepherd, in whose arms the over-limbed body was just then struggling, could he be considered anything but a hideous monstrosity.

"An' that's 'is twin, Miss; as fine and proper a little man as ever breathed. But the mother's like me; she takes most to the one that's uncommon and delicate. Well, ther ye are, me owd lady, and good luck to ye all."

He put the creature down to its feeding-place, and we left the happy trio, to look at my special black lamb in the next pen. As a matter of fact, the monstrosity's chances of survival were very small, and the shepherd knew this; but his sanguine temperament bubbled up with every fresh experience. I do not remember anything pessimistic in his philosophy. It was a January day, with alternate sleet and sunshine. But the lambfold, with its plenitude of straw hurdles, was so arranged that the ewes could always find shelter and bask in every gleam of sunshine. There was a warm covered shed, too, at the far end.

"Here's your lamb, Miss; the first black 'un, and nigh being the first of all. Me and maister, we allays says the blacker it is the better the luck and the heavier the fall. Ah! how I mind this twenty-first day of January, when you was borned, just five-and—"

"Yes, shepherd, you were here for the lambing season, weren't you?"

"The first lamb had just come, an' it was a black 'un. Then at night, maister he out an' telled me the news. 'So now, shepherd,' he says, 'that's for the little miss—her very own. Now, remember, shepherd,' he says, 'she's to have the first black

lamb every year. If she chooses to make a "cade" of it, she shall; or if she likes she shall sell it for money. I'll teach my child thrift and business,' says 'e, laughin' so happy, 'from her very creddle.' Wi' that sperrit, no wonder he's gotten on, wi' me to help 'im an' all. Every one o' these five-and—"

"Yes, shepherd, you've done splendidly for us."

"Theer nivver was," said the shepherd, musingly, as he altered a burdle, "such a pair as me and maister. We was boys bird-nestin' together, an' I'd allays took to 'im; but a fortnight after that theer day you was borned I knowed my feelin' for 'im were a for-ivver-an'-ivver-amen affair."

I was silent, knowing to what he alluded.

"I nivver see'd a man in such awful grief, nivver. All the day the news had been as bad as could be. About six o'clock maister he come out, an' it didn't need no words to say all was over. I was in the carpentering shed turning a board for the kitchen garden gate, an' he set down and buried his face in 'is hands. I said nivver a word. Presently he looks up, and says, 'Do ye remember, shepherd, the first day I saw her?'

"'Yes,' sez I. 'We was larnin' the bull to walk, sir. She come by, and was frightened. You walked home with her, sir.' He guv a smile in spite of hisself. So I went on. 'And I sez to myself, I sez, "I shouldn't wonder if a match comes out of it." I see'd it afore you did, sir, for it was many a year afore you walked out together. Eh, but she was a blythe and bonny one, sir. Like a ripe strawberry, and just about as sweet and good.'

"It sort of coomforted 'im to hear me talk like this; at least, so he said afterwards. And as for me, I looved 'im so, I felt I would be real willing to change places wi' the yoong missis lying cold an' dead, if so it could ha' been— An' so you was called 'Hagnes,' Miss, which means a iamb, they say. An' a black 'un you shall 'ave, year by year, so long as I'm above ground."

I did not explain St. Agnes's Eve to him.

"Though I allays use ter think, Miss, a white lamb would ha' much more mated you, when you was a little motherless, lonely thing wi' yer white inner-cent face, yer little white frock, and yer long legses. Still, what maister says is my law in all things. We've fiddled on the same string all these five-and—"

"Yes, father's the right sort, isn't he, shepherd?"

"You never spoke a trewer word, Miss. He's what I call a conglomeration of a modern farmer and a real old-fashioned squire. This 'ere Lady Hill's manor and estate" (and he waved his hand proudly over my

home) "has belonged to his forbears from generation to generation. And he acts accordinglie to all his dependents. But and also he likewise has a heye for all modern improvements, which, having carpital, 'e can put to use. It's carpital farmers wants nowadays, Miss, carpital and carpital to it, if they're to do any good. Oh, he's a wonnerful head, has maister. He listens to everything I say, an' all: and betwixt us we manage right about."

It was true. Foremen came and foremen went; but the constant, faithful shepherd was "ever right and ever ready," and could turn his hand to anything. He had a genius for other things besides sheep, and my father knew it, and drew the best out of him. It was only to be expected that this constant deference to



ALDERMASTON: MINERVA ON GUARD.

the man's opinion would develop his self-appreciation. But as a matter of fact I think I was the only one to whom he aired his little pardonable vanities. With his fellow-labourers he was modest, helpful and popular. In my father's presence he was always the respectful, resourceful servant, shrewd and sensible, but never garrulous or officious.

"And as for you, Miss, ye know," he said, in an impartial way, as if he were discussing a third person, "you are what I call a coomfortable joomble of high-class book-larnin' and a tip-top farmer's daughter. Ye can play the pianner an' sing that 'eavenly it does a body's heart good to hear ye; and yet, at the same time, ye can get the prize at a dairy competition; and for having the lightest hand at bread and pastry making as ever I see'd. Ye've a nicetish turn for poultry, too, into the bargain, to say nothing of gardening and bee-keeping. If you'll excuse me, Miss," he said, suddenly conscious that he had been rather personal.

"Thank you, shepherd," said I, laughing.

"My poozle is," he said, "why you haven't been carried off from here long afore this; why you've stayed here all these five-and—"

"Good-bye, shepherd. I must go now, and take a bit of my birthday cake, you know, to your wife and the five other cottages."

J. E. M.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE

THE LATEST GARDEN PLAGUE.

THESE is a moth known as the new *Plusia*; it belongs to the genus *Plusia*, and has so recently become a British species that it is as yet rightly called "new." None the less, it is a silly name, and I should like to make the unofficial suggestion that it be henceforward known as the Rabbit Moth, because it threatens to become as serious a plague in England as the rabbit has become in Australia. It seems superfluous that we should have any new insect scourge to wreck our vegetation, but the Rabbit Moth has come, and must be reckoned with by all gardeners hereafter, for its sphere of operations is not among the fruit trees or table vegetables, but in the flower garden.

A VORACIOUS CATERPILLAR.

Many gardeners in different parts of the country must have been puzzled this year to know what kind of a creature it was which attacked their delphiniums with such ferocity. The proper and traditional food of the new *Plusia* is the monk's-hood; but, in my garden at least, where the two grow side by side, it shows an obvious preference for delphiniums; it also eats peony, and, in one case, demolished a hardy chrysanthemum. What is most remarkable about it is the extraordinary voracity with which it strips a plant on which it finds itself, eating not merely, like most caterpillars, the web of the leaves, but all the veins, even the mid-rib of a tough delphinium or peony leaf down to the very stalk; moreover, it eats through the flowering shoots themselves, though they may be as thick as a lead pencil, in a way which resembles the operations of a giant slug more than those of a caterpillar. Doubtless many readers of these pages must have had their delphiniums attacked this year or last, and the appearance of a large plant after two or three of the caterpillars have been supporting life upon it for a few days is simply deplorable. Perhaps the sufferers discovered the offender, but, if not, they will know next year that it is the Rabbit Moth—the new *Plusia*—and they will proceed to search the plant (the underside of the leaves) for a bright green caterpillar a little more than an inch in length, of rather peculiar shape. When found he should be abolished.

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

The arrival of the Rabbit Moth in England is a romance. Twenty-five years ago it was not even recognised as a British species, though common in many parts of the Continent. Ten years ago captures began to be reported by entomologists on the South Coast. The first specimen that I saw I caught in 1900 at Virginia Water, when it was still something of a rarity. The following year I found it near Bishop's Stortford in Essex, and since

then it has been abundant round London, especially in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Kingston. Meanwhile it has been working across the British Isles, and has now become almost generally distributed. It turned up in Cambridgeshire in fair numbers two summers ago. Last year it was moderately numerous. This summer it has begun to be a curse. Like many other alien immigrants, it evidently finds life in England much to its liking, for it is spreading and multiplying with almost incredible rapidity, while its amazing appetite and its preference for some of our best-loved garden flowers make it a truly serious nuisance.

LIFE HISTORY OF A PEST.

When allowed to go its criminal way and to reach an iniquitous old age, the caterpillar spins a brilliant sulphur-yellow cocoon on the underside of one of the leaves of its food plant, generally about the 10th to the 20th of June, and it is then (too late to do any good for the present season) easily found by turning up the leaves one by one of any plant that has been attacked, when the bright yellow excrescence as big as a filbert immediately catches the eye.



ALDERMASTON: THE WILLIAM III. GATES, BROUGHT FROM MIDHAM.

Inside the yellow cocoon the caterpillar turns to a curiously parti-coloured chrysalis, the upper half being blackish brown and the lower half green. In this it only remains for about three weeks (some of those which I found this year and kept for observation, continued in the pupa stage for less than a fortnight) when it hatches into a moth 3in. from tip to tip of its wings and undoubtedly beautiful in colouring, being of a pale golden buff with a metallic lustre to it, intricately marked with lines of various shades of bistre brown, and carrying a bold silver splash on each fore wing. But its beauty should not persuade anyone who catches it to soften his heart, for it is already a nuisance and becoming a curse. Moreover, it is an alien, an intruder, taking the food out of the mouths of honest British lepidoptera (which have much more moderate appetites) and deserves no consideration whatever. Incidentally the scientific name of the invader is *Plusia Moneta*; but personally I shall call it the Rabbit Moth, though it really deserves something worse.

BAD WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

Before this appears in print it may be that we shall have had some summer weather, for a heat wave is presumably on its way over from America; but up to the time of writing we have, in Cambridgeshire at least, experienced

since Easter nothing of the proverbial English summer but the thunder-storms. The "three fine days" have evidently gone astray, and we have at least had abundant opportunity of seeing how Nature behaves under abnormal circumstances. Except the swallow-folk, I doubt if the birds have any reason to complain of the season, for various insects, as well as worms, snails and slugs, have been abundant and easy to come by. All the swallow tribe, which of necessity take their prey upon the wing, suffer in dull weather when insects are not flying; but, dull and depressing though the weather as a whole has been, there has since the middle of May been no such sustained spell of wet and cold as to put the hirundines to serious straits. Among the bad days have been sandwiched enough tolerably fair ones to tempt the smaller life abroad and furnish food to the swallows. Nor do other birds seem dejected under the untoward conditions.

THE CUCKOO AS AJAX.

The nightingale ceased singing here on June 19th. On many nights before that the rain had fallen with more or less regularity, but the nightingales (or my particular nightingale) continued to serenade the rain-clouds, through hours of drenching storm, as lustily as in happier times they serenade the moon. I am not aware that I have heard nightingales singing steadily through sustained rain before. Similarly, on June 29th a cuckoo called persistently through an hour-long thunder-storm. It seemed to be defying the lightning, and, though the thunder-peals drowned its voice, in every interval it turned up cheerfully in ironical applause. Missel-thrushes notoriously like a gale to sing in (possibly on the principle that Demosthenes followed in going to the seashore), and robins are often blithest in a snowfall. The domestic cock, as everybody knows, crows in the hush before a thunder-storm, and every blackbird and thrush seizes on the least lull in the storm as an excuse for lifting up its voice; but I never heard another bird trying to shout the thunder down in the way that cuckoo did. But cuckoos are mad at any time. Only a few nights before I had heard (not, of course, for the first time) one calling at midnight.

AN EARLY-RISING GOAT-SUCKER.

A similar untimeliness of behaviour was shown by a certain nightjar, which, for two summers at least (I have not been in the locality this year),

came out regularly in the bright sunshine some hours before what one usually considers the orthodox time for a nightjar to begin its working day. The earliest appearance of which I made note was at 5.40 on June 15th, when the sun did not set till a quarter-past eight; but it was out every evening at approximately the same time. This bird lived in a spinney immediately adjoining the house, on the lawn of which stood a clump of three or four of the most majestically-gnarled old Scots pines that I know. When there was nobody on the lawn the bird put in its appearance at about the same hour, always perching on exactly the same spot on a certain branch of one of the pines, where it sat and churned contentedly to itself for half-an-hour or so before going off, to where some scattered trees rose out of the bracken, for its evening hunting. According to Gilbert White, the nightjars of Selborne used to start their churning at the noise of the Portsmouth sunset gun, and he says that they "can only be watched for two hours in the twenty-four, and then in a dubious twilight, an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise"; but there is at least one place where they can, and could, be watched for two or three hours of broad sunlight. When churning, this bird sat lengthwise on the bough (as I think they always do) and squatted very close to the wood, as if it had no legs.

THOSE SUICIDAL SKUNKS AGAIN.

Mr. Jenner is probably right (in his letter in your issue of June 22nd) in his explanation of the frequent presence of skunks on railway tracks in North America, on which I commented in this column on April 13th, namely, that they go there to pick up scraps of food thrown from the cars and attracted by the drippings of oil and grease upon the track. But their penchant for being killed by the trains remains something of a mystery. The skunk is, when he pleases, a lively and evasive beast, and could easily get out of the way of a train if he went about it in the right way. I suspect that he follows his instinct for crouching under cover when danger threatens, and cuddles against the rail-side as a train approaches, making no allowance for the depth of the wheel flange on the inside of the rail. Perhaps, as he carries his tail over his back, it is that part of him that gets caught, and by it he gets twisted up among the wheels. At all events, it is very disagreeable for the passengers on the train when he does it, and not so far as one can judge, much better for him.

H. P. R.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE BEECH WOODS.—II.

NO attention was probably paid in Buckinghamshire to the legislation of Henry VIII. and succeeding reigns which attempted the preservation of coppice and the increase of standards; but so far as it referred to the enclosure of commonable woods, to the extent of one-fourth, before felling, and keeping up the enclosure nine years, it would have helped to preserve beech woods. Where any system in the management of the woods did obtain, the clue to it will probably lie in the terms of later leases.

In the eighteenth century the woods were largely let on lease, a form of tenure that can hardly be made fair to the tenant and advantageous to the growth of the timber. Even as late as 1856 we find the Dean and Chapter of Windsor granting a lease with the proviso "no part shall be cut more than once in fourteen years, and they shall not cut any tree at such annual falls under 16in. in circumference, measured 5ft. from the ground." This limitation gives too free a hand to the tenant, and too little heed to the well-being of the wood. Doubtless, it was owing to the dangers involved in leasing the woods that the owner of West Wycombe decided at the end of the eighteenth century to take the management into his own hands, and incidentally to keep that record of the felling which has been maintained to the present time.

The accurate and continuous record may be said to commence in 1798. Sir Robert Dashwood has kindly allowed me to see all the timber accounts, and the careful summary of them, which was evidence in the lawsuit *Dashwood v. Magniac*, has been of the greatest value. The West Wycombe estate has 1,100 acres of beech wood, which a comparison of maps shows to have been in 1764 the same as at the present day. The accounts and evidence of witnesses tell the story in full: of the utilisation of the timber in the industry at High Wycombe; of the precise

methods of forestry that governed their management; and of those changes in value which marked the influence of war, industry and low freights in the course of the century. The chair industry at High Wycombe is the chief market for beech in England. Where in 1618 we find, according to Camden, the inhabitants of Henley-upon-Thames "make their chiefest game by carrying down in their barges wood and corne to London," we see to-day the market is in a contrary direction, and 80 per cent. of the great quantity of timber needed for the industry is now imported, of which much travels up the Thames in winter. Constant supply doubtless started the industry. The town was

small—in 1850 the population was 6,000—and the price of beech was low; population increased rapidly (it is over 17,000) with the growth of chair-making, and prices rose. It is local demand for beech that is reflected in the prices quoted for that timber, a table of which we may now write down to mark the values at various periods through the nineteenth century:

AVERAGE PRICE PER CUBIC FOOT AT WEST WYCOMBE.

	Oak.	Beech.
1815 ...	4s. 0d.	1s. 1½d.
1850—63 ...	2s. 0d.	0s. 7½d.
1876—83 ...	2s. 0½d.	1s. 3d.
1891 ...	1s. 8d.	1s. 2d.
	Ash.	Elm.
1815 ...	2s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
1850—63 ...	1s. 0d.	1s. 1d.
1876—88 ...	1s. 2d.	1s. 8d.
1891 ...	1s. 8d.	—

The following events have particularly influenced the changes of price. The prices of 1815 are those of war with Napoleon and of very high duties on imported European timber, with none on Canadian. The course of prices with oak in the past fifty years is an indication of steadily cheapening freight, allowing of the ready substitution of foreign hardwoods. With ash, on the other hand, they tell by their rise how limited is the supply of this timber. There was a large sale of timber in 1891, and that alone caused selection of that date in recent years.



Copyright CROP TAKEN TWO YEARS AGO.

"C.L."



Copyright.

LAST WINTER'S FELLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The ulterior reason in searching the accounts of the timber of West Wycombe has been to learn something about the management of the woods. To a forester the yield of timber is the proper test of his woodland growth and management. The length of the period of 100 years to begin with gives the forester unimpeachable evidence of the yield of the woods. The calling of woodmen and land agents as witnesses, and questioning them as to the methods of management on various estates in the Chiltern Hills, provides a clear description of how the yield is cultivated. Fluctuations of yield are trivial compared to that fluctuation of prices quoted. We estimate the yield for the first forty-eight years of the century by taking mean prices between those for 1815 and 1848. They had dropped to one-half at the latter period, although a duty of 45s. a load still remained on European, with 10s. on Canadian timber. From this calculation we believe Sir J. Dashwood King cut 26 cubic feet per acre per annum. The next owner cut 32ft. per acre, and his widow, Lady Dashwood, during the twenty-six years of her ownership, 30ft. The successive owners, Sir Edwin and Sir Robert, cut 30ft. per annum to the end of the century. We may add that since 1900 27ft. has been cut yearly, and owing to the kindness of Sir Robert we have ascertained, by personal visit and enquiry, that the growth is gaining yearly upon the yield. The years from 1850 afford proof sufficient of annual yield. If we include oak used for estate purposes and exclude park timber we may then briefly state that the yield of the woods has been 32ft. per acre per annum, with no large accumulation at the beginning and no undue depletion at the end. In all cases about 90 per cent. of the timber felled is beech, 5 per cent. oak, and the remainder ash, elm, cherry and hornbeam. This is a good yield, for common report gives 25ft. as a normal yield, and the figures published by the recent Departmental Committee on Forestry bear out this estimate by several examples. What are the methods employed to procure this good crop of beech timber? Derogatory comment on English

forestry is all too common, but it is little recognised that a peculiar system has been successfully evolved and worked by the men of the Chiltern Hills. Let us take the following description of his methods given by a wood bailiff born in 1815, who, as a boy, helped his uncle in marking and measuring in the woods; and when he took up the management of the Wormsley estate woods they for twenty years produced 38ft. per annum: "My principle in going through a wood is to look at the top of the tree. I never look at the bottom, but always at the top to see where the young trees want to get up through. If there is a big head, there are probably four or five or perhaps fifteen or twenty that cannot get up through the head of that tree, and never will; but, when the head of the tree is taken out of the way they will come up and grow as much again in proportion—these young trees—as the big ones. I should never allow a tree to grow to 40ft. (cubic) in a beech wood. When those big trees are taken out you get

a thicker stock of wood, and where the trees are tolerably thick they generally draw each other up and get to a longer length; the longer you can get trees to grow, the more value you get upon the acreage. But if you get trees that run very short the measurement comes very low. If you have got a long tree it measures about half as much again as a short one the same size (girth). Any tree is saleable now from 5ft. upwards." This man can give his reasons. He is stating those principles of the selection system which French forestry more succinctly describes as continuity, quality and economy of growth, and gives us the pith of his procedure. From the above description the reader will note that the "selection system" is exactly the opposite of the usual plan of leaving the bigger trees and removing the smaller ones. This we employ to grow "high forest" to be felled when all are ripe. On the "selection system" the grandfathers are removed to make room for fathers and sons to develop into grandfathers



Copyright.

RIPE FOR FELLING. WEST WYCOMBE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and fathers, and thus each successive generation of trees in due course reaches maturity. Mr. Samuel Pitcher, the wood bailiff already quoted, evidently carried out his principles with more than ordinary care. "My rule has been in the management of beech woods to cut them tolerably often, a good growing wood never to go beyond eight years, but to cut it lightly and take out the trees that require cutting." In the illustration accompanying the previous article, "A Flourishing Wood," there is seen such a wood as has been described, a full crop of trees rising to the size of 20 cubic feet as indicated by the figure of a boy. The first foliage to come out is that of the little seedling trees, and their spray of leaves is seen against the base of nearly every tree trunk. In another picture, "A Wood Without Successors," instead of young beech the ground is either bare or covered by brambles, yet the crop of trees is not dense. It appears as if regeneration had been failing twenty years at least. Both woods are adjacent to West Wycombe. Eight to fourteen years is the usual interval for felling. Economy must lie in the shorter period, for any tree then requiring removal if left for six years is unduly restricting growth. But the term must vary, and rightly so, according as soil and aspect more or less encourage growth. With a south or exposed aspect, or where the soil is very poor with the chalk near the surface, the longer interval will be demanded. In

the course of management the crooked or misshapen trees are removed at the first opportunity. The market is the great determining factor of what form forestry should take, so when we learn, for most purposes of the trade of High Wycombe, a 20ft. log will fetch almost as good a price as a 40ft. one, we can understand why the smaller sizes are felled and marketed. The age attained by such trees is variable; on good soil in other woods we have found that 20 cubic feet has been attained usually just before sixty years of age. In West Wycombe the trees have sometimes averaged 20ft. at the annual sales, so that many trees have been eighty years old or more. Some experienced managers have doubted if it is practicable to secure a constant income of the same amount of yield, believing that it must vary considerably from time to time. Perhaps here the question is solved by the size of the area of 1,100 acres averaging local and temporary variations. Continued succession of the crop raises the question of natural regeneration, which we will not now enter upon. The great principle of the forestry of the Chilterns, then, appears to be, promote the growth of seedlings, saplings and young trees, and you will have your reward in a better return than by hesitating to sacrifice the larger trees. But, be it remembered, this is only applicable where, as at West Wycombe, you have your suitable market at hand.

CLOTHES-PEGS.

"S O now the summer really has come at last," said we in the village street. "And time, too, after all the cold and wet."

But the next morning there came a hurricane, blowing in from the sea with a deal of north in it, driving a heavy mist up the coombe and wrapping the hills and moors in a grey cloud. It never rains with such a wind. Or if a storm should come, any hedge, quarry or bank will afford a shelter. There is a jollity in the gale that attracts the real lover of out of doors. In thorough good humour it bullies him—plays practical jokes and slaps him on the back, as it were. And the moors put on strange aspects and an additional solitude under this veil of driving fog. So I started for a tramp across the highest ridge to the green fields in the valley on the other side. The wild ponies had left the broad tracts of heather to shelter in small herds under the lee of the hills. The little moorland sheep, as yet unshorn, cared nothing about the gale. Dotted about on the slopes, their fleeces grey from the charred patches where the heather was burnt in the spring, they loomed through the mist, scarcely to be distinguished from hillside stones.

In six miles I met not a living soul, but then came to enclosed fields where the road passed between tall beech hedges. A broad strip of gorse, with here and there an open place and clumps of rushes, lay on the left hand. A high, two-wheeled cart stood on the waste by the wayside, and on the ground beside it lay some half-a-dozen large bags. Seated on a box was a man of about sixty peeling willow sticks. He had already piled up a heap of rind that would have filled a bushel basket. There was no fire. As I drew near he stood up, a straight, upright man of 6ft. in height, in a long waistcoat with numerous buttons and large pocket-flaps. "Did you meet with anybody on the road?" he asked. "Not one." He sat down again. I stopped a minute and talked of the wind and chances of rain. He said it could not rain. I took his word for it and went on.

By my return towards evening he had pitched his camp—two canvas tents, neither covering a much greater space than an old-fashioned gig-umbrella. It was surely the smallest gipsy encampment ever seen; but now a curling wreath of blue smoke arose against the background of yellow gorse and the bright green of the beech foliage.

I took up the morning's conversation. "I saw your friends down in the village. May I come and light my pipe?"

"Welcome," said he. "Who did you see?"

"A man, a woman, two children, a van, two loose horses, and two dogs," said I.

He appeared to think it over, but gave up the idea of identification. "I can't say who that can be," replied he, shaking his head. "As to friends, we are all friends. But there are only two to come back here."

At that moment an old woman came in view from behind the gorse and stepped on to the wayside. She carried a basket on her right arm and a brush in each hand. She was unmistakably gipsy, not of the dark-eyed type, but with the very small brown face and pointed chin. She glanced sharply at the intruder, who might have come to order them off, placed her basket and brushes in the cart, spoke of "the roughness of the day, gentleman," in a coaxing, cringing voice and crouched down close to the fire. I hoped she had found luck.

"No; there is no luck, my gentleman."

The man sat down on the opposite side. Beside him was a heap of biscuit tins and canisters of all sorts and sizes, and with

a pair of long pincers he held them in the fire, melted the solder and burnt off the paper labels, spread them abroad, and then, with a handful of moss and earth, polished the flattened metal.

"I suppose you ask at houses for the empty tins?"

"More often at the shops. We sell more clothes-pegs in towns to the shops. There is no call for them in the villages. They don't use many there."

"But I see clothes hanging up everywhere."

"They've got all they want. Pegs last for years. Besides, they dry more on the hedgerows than they do on the line. But take a town, now, with gardens shut in by walls—they must have a line there. But then they don't want when we call. They buy at the shops there."

"What do you charge for them?"

"A shilling a gross to the shops."

"How long does it take to make a gross?"

"Three gross a day is good work," said he; "but we are up before all the stars are gone in."

"Well, you do not pay much for the material," I laughed.

The man laughed also. "No. There's plenty of willow down below; and some in the hedges too, but not so straight."

The old woman had hitherto remained silent. The spot was well chosen. Gorse and hedgerow made so complete a shelter that, until it reached the wind, the smoke rose in a straight column. Peering down into the embers, her brown hands outstretched towards the warmth, she looked like a wizened little witch working an enchantment. At my remark about the willows she suddenly glanced up and changed into a prophetess.

"There'll be no pay, my gentleman, in the world to come."

"I suppose not. But no doubt there are free willows here if you do not take them from the wrong place."

"They do grow for one and all," cried she, in a shrill voice. "So do the hares and the little rabbits, gentleman. 'Tis man-made laws, and to break 'em is no wrong."

Her philosophy was becoming too profound for me.

"I suppose you belong to a bigger camp, and go back to it?"

Then she became talkative. "No. One more to come in and that makes all." She waved her finger round, pointing first at the cart and then at the two tents. "All we ever had, or our fathers, his or mine, before us. Summer and winter nothing more. Though we don't travel much in winter, when we find a low place, unless they move us on."

"You must have been all over the country?"

"Never away from Devon."

"Did you ever hear of Bamfylde-Moore Carew?"

They laughed, and both spoke at once. "He went to the school down at Tiverton." But whatever more they knew, that was all they would say of the man of Devon who turned gipsy.

In front of one of the tents a stick had been driven into the ground. It was about 2in. in diameter, and stood about 1ft. high. I had heard of wands and stakes in gipsy camps bearing a deep significance. But the man observed my glance.

"That's to cut off the clothes-pegs on," said he.

He sat down on a bag which I think was to serve as a mattress, drew a sheath-knife, took a willow wand already peeled and measured the length by means of a piece of hazel cut half through at the right distance and split down to the cut. Then he hammered the knife through the willow, using the stake as a block.

He chuckled the little gin. piece upon a heap of hundreds of others which he had cut off during the day. "But they must

dry, and there has been no sun to-day," said he. However, to show me he split a peg and pared it to widen the fork. On the same block he hammered on the little ring of biscuit tin which prevents the split from going too far under pressure of a clothes line. Here was the article complete,

"I thought the stake might have some meaning," said I. "I have heard that a stick is driven into the ground and that the camp sits in a circle around when any question has to be discussed, or the conduct of any member wants looking into."

The old woman got up. "That was a council," she cried in a shrill voice. "But that is all gone with the rest. 'Tis all gone. We be but wandering folk now, all of a kin, 'tis true, but never meet except by chance. There is no Romany now. The best has but a few words—"

"Yes. That was a council," put in the man. "'Twas a peeled stick. But that's gone years ago. I never saw a council. But that was the old way—handed down and never changed—right from Jerusalem!"

"What do you mean, from Jerusalem?"

"We all came from Jerusalem," explained he.

"Yes; we all came from Jerusalem, my gentleman. That's true. We all know that," cried the old woman.

"I thought you came from India."

But they both would have "Jerusalem, Jerusalem."

After all, there may be a foundation in history for this tradition. When, in the early part of the fifteenth century, the gipsies overran Europe, they pretended and were believed to be pilgrims from the Holy Land. On this ground they were at first treated with kindness and given letters of protection. No doubt they made the most of the claim, which may have become the belief of later generations.

But a pedlar in rags was coming down the road. The man prepared to adjust a crook over the fire, and the woman picked up a stick or two and a bush of dead gorse. To stay longer was absolutely to court an invitation to dine.

"Well, here's luck! I hope you'll have a quiet night, and that nobody will hurry you on."

"Here's luck!" replied the man.

"But oh! my blessed gentleman," cried she; "if you should ever sit in judgment upon one of us, bear in mind 'tis man-made laws and no wrong. No wrong, my blessed gentleman. No wrong—no wrong!"

I walked across the moor wondering whether I had spent an hour with a Hebrew prophetess, a Passive Resister, or a Suffragette. Since then, I have also wondered where the horse that brought the two-wheeled cart may have been spending the day. There were no byways in that remote and solitary country, and he was not on the roadside for miles, I can take my oath.

WALTER RAYMOND.

THE DEATH-FAIRY.

By FIONA MACLEOD.

THE Macfarlane country does not come quite as far as Loch Goil, that romantic sea-fjord which runs off northward from Loch Long, where abuts the wild mountainous mass known as Argyll's Bowling Green.

But, among the Campbells and MacGibbons and Macintyres and others, there are some of the 'Glen Sloy Folk.' I met an old shepherd of the name there this summer. He had known Sine of whom I have spoken. I asked him about the phrase 'the wax is come,' and if he knew the father tale of the death-fairy. This is what he told me: that is, the heart of it.

"On the heights of Sliabh Gorm—no, I don't know what hill is meant, and perhaps no man knows—there is a place called Drinnadav (*Druinn-nan-damh*, the ridge of the stags) and beyond it the Feur-lochan (the grassy tarn). In the heart of Feur-lochan there is a round stone, which only the dead can lift. Below this is a great slab of rock, green as graveyard grass—the same green stone as that of which the fairy-hammers are made. Below this again is a flight of three hundred and thirty steps, each of slippery loosened seaweed: and these lead to a great hollow that is a cave, where nine big waves forever dash against each other from above and below and from all sides and make a boiling whirlpool of blood and foam. Far beneath this are nine slabs, that are nine doors. Eight of these lead to the dark places that must not be named (Hell). The other, that no man knows, is the door whence the Death-Fairy comes.

"Where does she come from?"

"Ah, but that is the thing that I will not be knowing."

"How does she find her way out?"

"To Himself it is known! Maybe 'Macfarlane's Lantern' puts the light before her feet."

"Can she be seen of mortal eyes?"

"Seen she has been. My mother heard her breathing in the room where the corpse of my father lay all alone. She saw the lines and the furrows being smoothed out, and then bowed her head in weeping, and when she looked again she saw that the

pale lividness of the face had become wonderful, with brows clean and soft as ivory and cheeks of wax that you could see the light in, just like the cloudy cairngorm pebble that people seek for in the hills."

"How did she know, how do you know, it was the Death-Fairy that did this?"

"Have you seen the cold creeping over the dead?"

"No."

"Have you been with any one in the death trance?"

"No."

"Then how do you know that the seal is set upon the thing that was?"

"Because it is told me by those I believe in."

"That is so. And so it is with me."

THE USE OF COPPER SULPHATE IN LAKES.

IN our issue of June 29th we published an abstract of reports on experiments with copper sulphate solutions conducted in America. Considerable difficulty is felt by scientific men in this country in accepting the statement made in connection with the experiment carried out at the Baltimore Waterworks—that "No trace of copper sulphate was found in the water 24hr. after application" of one part of the chemical to 6,500,000 parts of water by weight.

Turning to our own country, we now give several opinions received from leading fish culturists and another from a landscape gardener.

Messrs. Andrews and Andrews of the Surrey Trout Farm, Shottermill, Haslemere, write: "These growths may consist either of the higher water plants, such as the American weed, which is so troublesome in May water, or of the lower Cryptogamous plants, the algæ, which form the green 'flannel weed' and the 'scum' which shows up in most ponds in sunny weather. A solution of copper sulphate will kill the algæ without harming fish, but a solution weak enough not to harm fish will not affect the higher water plants. We have used it ourselves in a pond containing trout, for diminishing the quantity of filamentous algæ, with a measure of success. We may point out, however, that it equally destroys the microscopic unicellular algæ which form the food of the creatures which themselves form the food of fish, so that its use may result in cutting off food supplies at their source. In this respect its action may perhaps be compared to that of heather-burning on a moor. Possibly, as in the case of the moor, a fresh and better food supply grows up later on, though we cannot speak with any confidence on this point without further experience, but meanwhile the existing food supply is destroyed. Before advising its use in trout ponds we should have to carry out a series of experiments. We do not know if anyone has yet done this."

Mr. J. T. Armistead of the Solway Fishery Company, Limited, Dumfries, points out that any chemical which will destroy vegetable life will also destroy the minute organisms on which fish are more or less dependent for their existence, and will in the long run prove hurtful to the fish themselves, although no immediate effects may be apparent. This Mr. Armistead has tested personally.

The opinion of the manager of the Earl of Denbigh's Fisheries and Water Plant Nurseries, Holywell, North Wales, is as follows: "We have experimented with sulphate of copper and found it very successful in destroying algæ. The use of copper sulphate has no physiological effect on fish and fish-food life provided it is used correspondingly with the contents of the water. The amount required to be used depends upon the structure of the organism present, and to some extent upon the amount of growth. One part in 1,000,000 is sufficient for the removal of all objectionable growths, but in some cases a larger quantity may be employed."

Mr. Edward White, the well-known landscape gardener of Westminster Chambers, 7, Victoria Street, to whom we are indebted for a great deal of information as to actual results from the use of the Bordeaux Mixture, has no doubt as to its efficacy, but reminds the public that the problem is to administer it in such quantities as not to render the water dangerous for cattle and not to kill fish and water plants. The results of his experiments have been to impress upon him the immense danger of their execution by inexperienced or unintelligent people. He also would not accept the responsibility of conducting them in running water. The preparation of the Bordeaux Mixture, which obtained its name from the locality in which it was found efficacious in the treatment of vineyards, is described in "The Chemistry of the Garden," by Mr. H. Cousins (Macmillan), as follows:

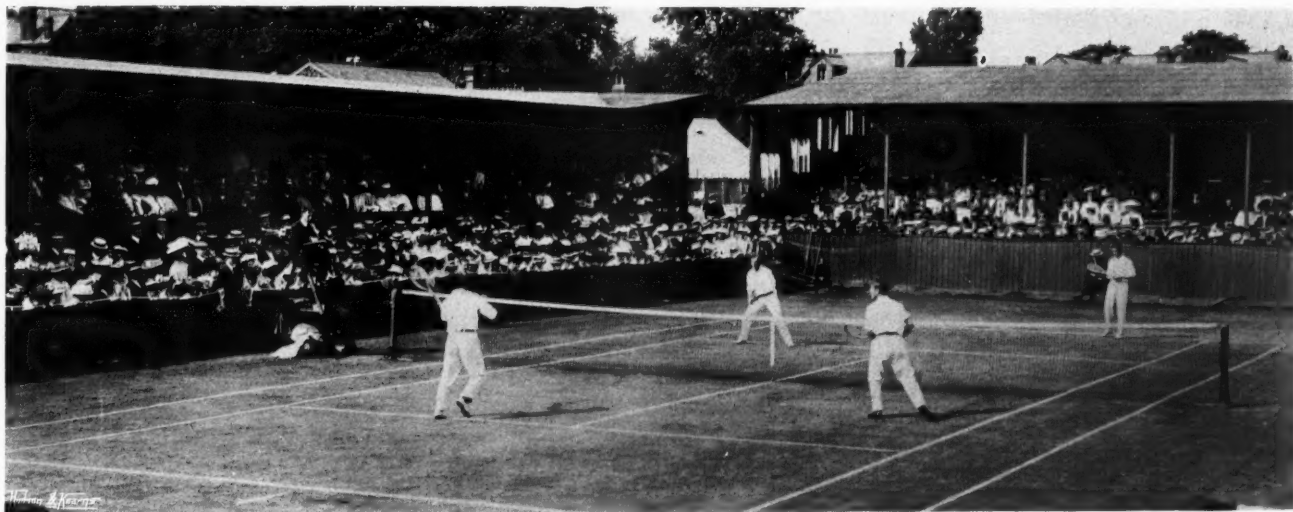
Copper sulphate (bluestone)	10oz.
Quicklime	6oz.
Water	5gal.

Dissolve the bluestone either by suspending it in a piece of coarse sacking in a vessel of water, or by placing it in a small quantity of boiling water and pouring it into the rest of the water, which should be contained in a *wooden* vessel. Avoid iron or galvanised vessels. If the lime be faulty, the bluestone will not dissolve, and damage to foliage will result.

The application of this mixture would probably have to be repeated once a year, if not oftener. It would be wise at first to

begin with it in the proportion of one part of the solution to 2,000,000 parts, or even double that amount, of water, and increase the strength gradually. But Mr. White's word of caution should be noted, and when the extreme difficulty of calculating accurately the cubic contents of a sheet of water of varying depth is considered, it would appear that its use can hardly be recommended at present, except where skilled and scientific supervision is available.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS



THE DOUBLES.

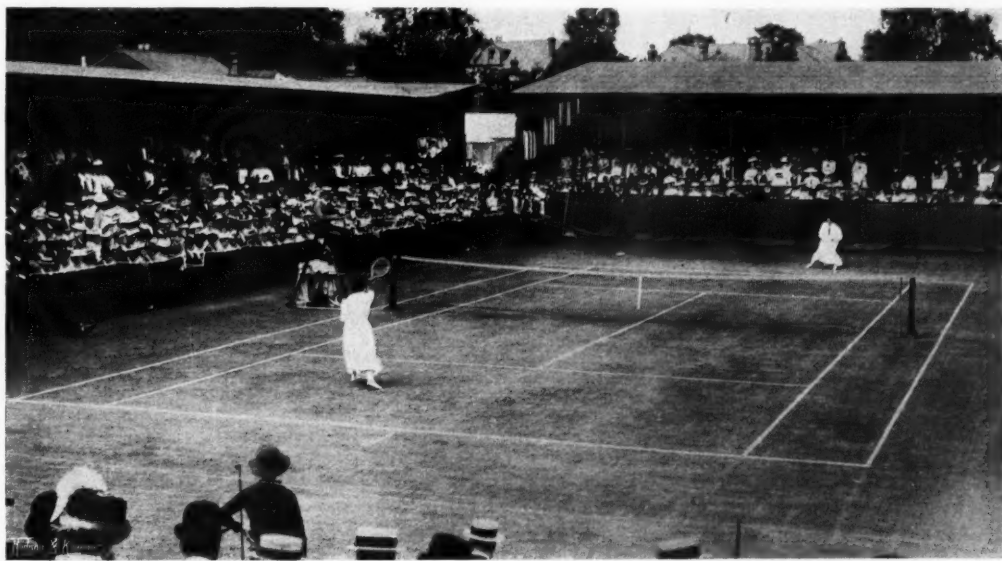
FOR a variety of reasons this year's championship meeting must be inscribed as the most notable ever held. Its chief titles to such distinction are the failure of English and the success of Colonial and American players. The much-vaunted supremacy of English lawn tennis lies in ruins. Never since their institution thirty years ago had the singles and doubles championships been won by other than British representatives. Although grave enough, and calling for earnest reflection, the position is really not so bad as it looks. Take away the brothers Doherty and Messrs. Smith and Riseley and you rob English lawn tennis of its glory, and none of these four great players was competing at Wimbledon this year. The inference is obvious, while much comfort may be extracted from it. Nor does the ascendancy of Colonial and American over English lawn tennis necessarily imply retrogression on the part of the latter. May it not equally well point to progress on the part of the former? But when all this has been said there remains the undeniable fact that English lawn tennis is both stagnant and poor in rising talent. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and the ill-success of English players at Wimbledon is certain

to work for the good of the game in this country. Their successes will stimulate the American and Colonial players, and should lend a wonderful impulse to the game in their respective countries. So one only has to view it with altruistic and optimistic eyes and the gloom disappears from the situation.

If English lawn tennis is suffering from decadence, public interest in the game certainly is not, and although the meeting ran on for ten days, the average daily attendance at Wimbledon numbered several thousand. Taken all round, the quality of the play did not exceed the standard of many former years, while when it should have been close and inspiring, it frequently proved one-sided and dull. The players to captivate the popular fancy and dominate not only the play, but public interest, were the Australian representatives, Messrs. N. E. Brookes and A. F. Wilding, and the American trio, Miss May Sutton and Messrs. Bea's Wright and Karl Behr. Other countries were represented, Canada by Mr. R. B. Powell and Miss V. Summerhayes, India by Mr. J. C. S. Rendall, Germany by Mr. O. Krewzer and Austria by Messrs. C. Von Wessely and R. Kinzl and the Misses W. and M. Klima. All these, by virtue of their diversity of styles,

enjoyed a share of public attention, and certainly their presence at Wimbledon enhanced the interest of the meeting. But it was the players from America and Australia who were responsible for the big crowds and the enduring interest in the play.

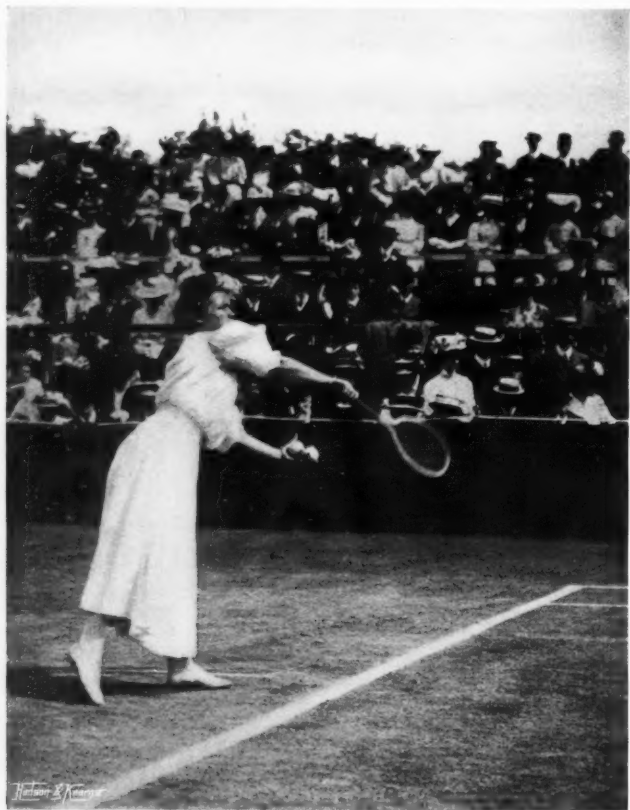
Mr. Norman Brookes was the first draw, and no wonder! His magical service, his adroit volleying, his sinuous agility in court and his decided personality were always worth a journey to Wimbledon. Like Prince Ranjitsinhji's cricket, Mr. Brookes's tennis may be described as "infernal juggling." He is nothing short of a genius, otherwise he could not ignore and violate, as he does, the accepted canons of style. He plays, as only genius can, by the light of Nature, and cares not at all that his every



MISS SUTTON DEFEATS MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.

stroke almost perpetrates a heresy and causes the apostles of style to shudder. After all, what matters the means so long as the end is gained.

Mr. Brookes came far in search of championship honours. He has won them, as he deserved to do, but at the cost of desperate striving. In the second round of the singles championship he encountered his compatriot, Mr. Wilding, and a thrilling five-set match ensued. The match was chiefly remarkable for the high standard of its tennis, for Mr. Wilding's grand fight and for his opponent's brilliant finish. In the fifth set, Mr. Brookes, nearly spent, summoned his remaining energy and all the resources of his skill, and, crowding in to the net, fairly rushed his young opponent out of victory. It was a fine effort and a superb piece of generalship, which none who saw it could ever forget. Again, in the fourth round, Mr. Brookes was hard pressed, this time by an American, Mr. Karl Behr. The latter was brilliant with that sort of brilliancy which, though it cannot possibly last, is simply irresistible for the time. So long as the American was at his best, Mr. Brookes was a beaten player. But the lapses from this abnormal form came, and then Mr. Brookes built up his credit. The match ran its full course of five sets, and as against Mr. Wilding the Australian's supreme effort came in the fifth set, and with the same result, his opponent being paralysed by the brilliancy and suddenness of the attack, and winning only one game. After that Mr. Brookes encountered no further difficulties on his path to the championship, Messrs. Adams, Ritchie and Gore, all of them English players of the approved English type, being overwhelmed by his skill and failing to win a set between them. Mr. Brookes is, we believe, the first left-handed player to win the singles championship. In addition to Mr. Brookes there was quite an array of left-handed players at Wimbledon—Messrs. Beals Wright, O. Krewzer, R. B. Powell and Kenneth Powell, but not a single left-hander among the ladies. The three Continental players competing in the singles championship were all of them, curiously enough, put out by the same player, Mr. Ritchie. The latter is probably more familiar with, and so less troubled by, the methods of Continental performers than any other English expert. It was a significant fact that three players, whose individual ages are nearer forty than thirty, should have

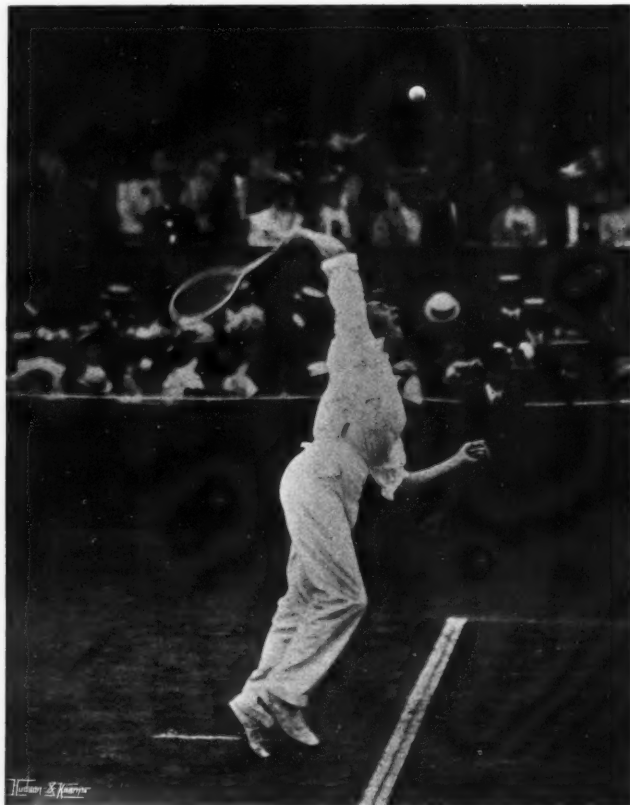


MISS SUTTON SERVING.

reached the semi-final, namely, Messrs. Gore, Ritchie and Eaves. The last named has preserved his form and his activity beyond the period of life usual with most people, and no better testimonial to the beneficent effects of lawn tennis could be cited than the evergreen sprightliness of this popular veteran—if he will pardon the term and the familiarity!

Turning to the ladies, theirs was a representative and numerous entry. Mrs. Durlacher (*née* Miss Dyas), after six or seven years' absence, made a welcome return to first-class tennis, and showed how little golf had injured her game by playing fine tennis against Miss Eastlake Smith and pushing her hard for

three sets. The very first round of the ladies' championship witnessed the downfall of Mrs. Sterry, one of England's brightest hopes, and the only player who had defeated Miss Sutton this season. Miss C. M. Wilson was the prediction for the final, and thither she found her way in company with Miss Sutton, neither player having lost a set. If anyone might trouble Miss Sutton, it surely would be a net player like Miss Wilson. But Miss Sutton was at her brilliant best this year, and save Miss Lowther, who had won four games from her in each set, no one really extended her. Miss Wilson played beautiful tennis against her, but the American lady's vigour would not be



MR. WILDING SERVING.

denied. The challenge round drew a big crowd, and the anxiety was intense, everyone realising that the honour of England was at stake. Mrs. Lambert Chambers made a gallant attempt to hold the invader at bay, but it was impossible to stand up against such aggressive, impetuous tennis as Miss Sutton's. For a short period in the second set Mrs. Chambers was holding her own, and looked to be even overhauling her opponent. English hopes ran high. In the tenth game Mrs. Chambers missed her golden opportunity. On several occasions she needed but an ace to make the score five all. She failed, and for the second time the championship went to Miss Sutton and America. The winner played wonderful tennis, severe, accurate and resourceful, while as to nerves, she seemed to have none, going out for her shot, no matter what the state of the game, with the utmost abandon.

As forecasted, the final of the doubles championship was Australia *v.* America. In the second round the American pair had run up against the best English combination, Messrs. Gore and Roper Barrett, and had beaten them in a five-set match, youth and superior overhead play tipping the beam in their favour. The brothers F. G. and A. H. Lowe were their victims in the next round. Of the younger generation of English players none show promise of future greatness equal to that of these brothers, and one need not be a prophet to predict for them the certain honour of one day representing England in the international contest. Messrs. Brookes and Wilding had won their place in the final without the loss of a set, where, contrary to expectation, they gained an easy victory over the Americans, Messrs. Beals Wright and Karl Behr, the score in their favour being 6-4, 6-4, 6-2. Although making many delightful strokes, the losers were below their best, Mr. Behr's brilliancy being very spasmodic indeed. If only this young player's brilliant moments would recur more frequently, his ultimate destination would assuredly be championship honours. His partner—whose service is a thing of beauty—served and smashed effectively. Of the winning pair Mr. Brookes flashed forth some lightning shots, while his partner was safe and sound.

Even the open mixed doubles—not a championship event—an English pair could not manage to win. After they had beaten Mrs. Chambers and Mr. Wilding, Miss Sutton and Mr. Beals

Wright could hardly help winning. Here, again, the final produced a poor match, Miss Boothby and Mr. Prebble being quite outplayed. Mrs. Chambers and Miss Wilson took the open ladies' doubles, beating Mrs. Sterry and Miss Morton in

a three-set match in the final. The success of the meeting and the perfect condition of the courts vindicated the wisdom of Mr. G. W. Hillyard's election to the secretaryship of the All-England Club. EUSTACE E. WHITE.

SHOOTING.

GROUSE PROSPECTS.

THERE has not often been a year in which it has been so difficult, or it may be said so impossible, to give a general, and at the same time a correct, account, so far as present prospects are concerned, of the grouse stock. Local differences are far more accentuated than is often the case, and this is not due only to the great differences in local weather conditions, but also to the area—fortunately, as it seems, a restricted one—in which the grouse disease has been prevalent. A good deal of the mortality which was ascribed to the disease a few weeks ago now appears to have been due to other causes, among which the parasitic worm is the most common and responsible for the greatest share in the destruction. We all know how ready keepers are to ascribe to "grouse disease" any mortality other than that occasioned by gun-shot which occurs among the grouse. But, as one keeper sagely remarked, they are "not immortal," and their natural death may be due to various ills. All these ills, however, and the liability of the grouse to suffer from them are increased by evil weather, cold, snow and rain, and from all of these the grouse have been suffering very generally. The actual "disease" itself does not seem to have spread with any severity beyond the central moors of Scotland. Perthshire, probably, is the county which has been most heavily afflicted. Much of the "disease" which we heard of in Forfarshire now seems to have been mortality occasioned by the tapeworm, which is always at its worst in excessively wet seasons; at the same time, it is to be noted that many birds which are to all appearance in perfectly healthy condition are found to have these parasitic worms inside them. It seems to make them no less good for human food, and the conclusion to which we are compelled is that these parasites cause death in the case of weakly or injured birds, but do virtually no harm at all to birds in an otherwise healthy state. The number of birds in a condition to be fatally affected by the worms is largely within the control of the owner of the moor. At the end of the shooting season there are certain to be left a number of pricked, injured birds, and if these are not strenuously shot down by the keepers they will linger on and become the victims of any disease that is rife, whether the grouse disease, specifically so-called, or some other. These birds are always apt to gather along the courses of the burns, presumably for the sake of the shelter which they find there, and by working these courses thoroughly the keepers can do a great deal towards maintaining the general health of the stock by killing off the unfit.

Reverting to the prospects for the coming season, we seem to find, as has been said, that the disease is fairly restricted to the central Scottish districts, apart from some few cases of diseased birds elsewhere, and this is a much smaller area than it had seemed likely would be affected. We heard of the disease as starting in the Elgin district; yet, of the various reports that we have received, those from the Moy district, not so very far from Elgin, are the most favourable of all. Where the birds have escaped disease, the wet and the cold have been, of course, either directly or indirectly the cause of most of the mortality which they have suffered, and it seems that the North of Scotland has not been visited with anything like the same continuance of bad weather as other parts further south. Except in this far Northern region, the general prospects seem very doleful. In parts of Scotland there has been disease, and in other parts the birds have been drowned, for, though the grouse is hardy, it is not amphibious. The same story of the drowning of young birds comes from the North of England and from Wales, from east to west, from Mr. Rimington Wilson's moors at Bromhead to Mr. Wynne Corrie's in Wales—more or less equivalent to the all-embracing "Dan to Beersheba." Dwellers in the South of England and the neighbourhood of London—which is, after all, where most people live—have suffered sufficiently, and grumbled in proportion, about the cold and wet, but it seems that they have not had anything approaching the rain which has prevailed in the Midlands and a little further North. The grouse might have endured what our Southern partridges have been called on to endure, but their actual circumstances have been far worse. Next to the far Northern grouse it would seem as if the accounts of the grouse of the Scottish East Coast promised least ill. Relatively speaking, that is a fairly dry part of Great Britain, though there, as elsewhere, the rainfall has been excessive. Still, it has been less heavy than in many other parts where the normal fall is greater.

On the whole, however, it has to be confessed that the outlook never was much worse, the districts where the grouse are

good being few and far between, exceptions to an almost general rule. The most hopeful reflection which may come to our consolation is that reports about grouse are nearly always in the pessimistic vein. We remember many previous years (and need go back no further than last year for an example) in which the accounts have been nearly as bad as they could be, but the results have greatly bettered expectation. Let us live in the good hope that the present case may be similar; but it is distinctly ominous that a large number of moors seem to be coming on the market, offered by lessees who are repenting of their bargain and trying to arrange a sub-let.

VALUE OF SLOPING SIDES TO DITCHES.

THERE is a way in which it is possible to do a good deal towards diminishing the risk of drowning which young grouse run in a wet hatching-out time, and that is by taking care that all the draining ditches in the neighbourhood of the nests—and that ought to be as much as to say over the moor generally—be cut with sloping sides. It is to be feared that it is still the exception rather than the rule to find the ditches cut otherwise than with perpendicular sides, up which, out of the water, it is impossible for the little birds to scramble if once they fall in. If the sides be well sloped the birds have a better chance of getting out and less chance of falling in in the first instance. A sloping-sided ditch will carry off the water just as well as a straight-sided one, and is in every particular better.

NEGLECTED MOORS.

There are, to be sure, a great many moors on which you will never see a drain at all. These are those moors on which the bad old principle is still adhered to that the grouse, as a wild bird of the moorland, unlike the semi-domesticated pheasant and the partridge of the ploughed lands, is to be left to fend for itself against all evil hap of weather and vermin. These are the moors on which you will find abundance of hoodie crows, the heather knee high, and nobody knows how many years old, and many other survivals of a past which ought to have been long ago left behind, but very few survivors in the shape of grouse. No doubt moors in such a condition, or lack of condition, are becoming year by year fewer, while the number of the well-cared-for moors is increasing; but enough of the neglected kind still remain to serve as object-lessons in what ought not to be.

DEALING WITH SURFACE WATER.

Among the lessons in what ought to be done for the good of the grouse, none, if we except the effect of heather-burning, is more convincing than that which is afforded by the proper treatment of the water on the moor. An immense deal of moorland ground is rendered sour by water lying on it, which can be easily drained off and so made good whether for nesting grouse or for pasturing deer. Again, many a large tract can be made available for the nesting of grouse, which is by its nature too dry to support the life of the young birds, by the simple process of damming back the springs so as to form reservoirs at which the young birds may drink when the surface springs themselves dry up in summer. The young grouse is not able to go very far for water, yet it requires water pretty frequently, and keepers who understand their business can show you on almost any moor some land which they have brought in for the use of grouse in this way.

GOOD PRICES FOR SPORTING DOGS.

It must be very satisfactory to all the good sportsmen of the older school who still keep fresh the memory of the days before "driving" had become the vogue, when birds were found by the dog and there was the pleasure added to the mere killing of watching the subtle working of the dogs, to note the high prices which good dogs of the setter and pointer class can still command. At Messrs. Freeman's sale at Aldridge's last week a single setter fetched 22 guineas, another 18 guineas and two others 13 and 12 guineas apiece, while the famous bitch Lingfield Beryl, winner of the Champion Stake at Newport and other field trials, was bought in after 230 guineas had been bid. Two retrievers were sold at 16 guineas and 15 guineas respectively, and a pointer at 25 guineas. There is no doubt that good pointers and setters are very much scarcer than they used to be in proportion to the numbers of men that shoot; but making due allowance for that, and apart from the large sum bid and refused for Lingfield Beryl (which has, of course, to be regarded as quite exceptional and not in any relation to her actual value for shooting over), such prices show the interest which is taken in the old form of sport, which many shooters speak of as though it were as extinct as the pterodactyl-shooting.

THE "CHASSE BLANCHE" TO MAKE RABBITS BOLT.

The first that we ever heard of a *chasse blanche* was in the very terrible form of that sport which is no sport. The idea, there, was to drive out the pheasants, from one covert to another, over the keepers, who were armed with guns loaded with blank cartridge to fire at the birds in order to make them tame when the day for the real shoot came. The Briton will be relieved to hear that this extraordinary performance was, and we believe still is, enacted not in England, but in "a neighbouring and friendly country." The notion of thus making the pheasants accustomed to the noise of the gun, by firing it without harming them, so that they shall not fly too high, has the charm of comparative novelty; but, with that, all its attractions will hardly appeal to the British sportsman. We have heard, however, of a rather similar proceeding which was really quite useful in the case of rabbits in places where they are very reluctant to bolt, only in this case the sham fight was not carried so far as the actual discharge of guns. A ferret, however, was put in, and allowed to run through the burrows, bolting such rabbits as were not too

confirmed in stay-at-home habits; and when this had been done once or twice by the keepers, without any firing at the bolting rabbits, the latter seemed to think when they next saw the ferret, "Oh! this is an unpleasant fellow, and we know it is all right outside"; so out they went, to be met by a still more unpleasant fellow with a gun. The subtlety of the causes of rabbits bolting or declining to bolt seems to defeat all calculation, and to be only equalled by the capriciousness of fish in rising to the fly. In some light

soils it seems that rabbits, for inscrutable reasons, always bolt best in a high wind; but the rule is not so constant that it can be relied on. They differ locally, too, for no reason that is apparent, in their willingness to bolt, and it is in places where this reluctance is greatest that the form of the *chasse à l'anche* here suggested might prove useful, and has already been tried with good results.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

ON THE GREEN.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ST. ANDREWS.

SIR,—For how many years the game of golf has been played under rules made by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is not definitely known; but certain it is that they are very many. It was in 1888 that the club first eliminated the rules relating to local matters and gave to the world of golf the "Rules of Golf." Since that time all clubs all over the world have played the game under these rules, and the Royal and Ancient Club has from time to time varied old rules and made new ones. The club, then, is the only authority which attempts to control the game, and it may be of interest to many golfers to consider how far that control goes; whether it is sufficient for present-day needs, or whether the club should not be asked to go further than it now does and take charge not only of the rules of the game, but also of both championships, and to legislate for inland golf to a greater extent than it now does, and thereby lessen the large and varying number of local rules which are so bewildering and often so contrary to the spirit of the game.

First let us consider the methods the club employs in dealing with the game. The Royal and Ancient is not only a golf club; it is a social club as well, and among her members are not a few who know nothing about the game. Any new rules or alterations of existing rules, however, have to be passed by a general meeting of members, and it often happens that votes are given on difficult technical questions by men who are quite unqualified to give them.

There are three committees appointed yearly by the members in general meeting. First there is the Committee of Management, whose duties are to see to the domestic affairs of the club, and who have control of the finances. This committee is the one which would have to deal with any golfing question outside the rules of the game. One of the club rules provides that no member shall sit on this committee unless he resides in St. Andrews. The result is that there are always some non-golfers on it. The next committee is the Green Committee of St. Andrews Links. This committee receives its powers under an Act of Parliament, and its duties are confined to the management of the links. Five of its members are appointed by the Royal and Ancient Club and two by the St. Andrews Town Council. The members appointed by the club must also be residents of St. Andrews. This committee looks after the links and makes arrangements for carrying out important events, such as the championships, etc., when they take place at St. Andrews. It has nothing to do with the rules of the game or its general management.

The other committee is the Rules of Golf Committee. This committee is appointed by the general meeting of the club annually, and its duties are to give decisions in all cases which are put before it where disputes have arisen as to the proper interpretation of the rules. It has also to bring forward all proposals for making new rules or altering existing ones, and it is specially laid down in the club rules that no ordinary member of the club may make a proposition for altering an old or proposing a new rule. The members of this committee are chosen regardless of where they reside, and are all golfers of standing.

It will, therefore, be seen that the control of the game is not delegated by the club to one committee, but there are certainly two, and perhaps one might say three, committees who have a share in its management. It should be remembered that in two of these committees local residence is demanded, and in one of them golfing knowledge is at times absent. The Rules of Golf Committee is a strong committee, and its work is well done. It is open to question, however, whether the time has not come when the club should hand over to that committee, or, better still, to a new and larger committee, the whole control of the game. The making and altering of the Rules of Golf should be in its hands and not be left to the mercy of the general body of members. These matters would be far better dealt with by a large committee of experts. The control of both championships also would be better placed in the hands of such a committee. That is to say, the conditions under which they are played should be in the hands of this committee, who should also have power to select the courses on which they are played. At present the championships are managed by two separate committees, each of which has its own hon. secretary. In the case of the amateur championship, delegates to the committee are appointed

by twenty-one clubs. These clubs were selected many years ago, and are no longer at all representative. The open championship is run by five clubs, who appoint delegates, viz.: The Royal and Ancient, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, the Prestwick Club, the Royal Liverpool, and the Royal St. George's Golf Clubs. These committees meet at the time of the respective championships. They practically make no reports to their clubs, or if they do they are of a very meagre description. At present there is virtually no way for clubs or individual golfers to bring suggestions for alterations in the conditions before them.

If the Royal and Ancient Golf Club would appoint a Golf Committee of, say, thirty members, and hand over to them the whole control of the game, there is little doubt that the clubs who are now interested in the management of the championships would hand over their duties to such a body. The membership of the Royal and Ancient Club is so embracing that all the leading clubs could easily be represented upon such a committee. Powers could also be given to the Golf Committee to appoint sub-committees to deal with local matters in various parts of the kingdom; say a sub-committee for London and the South, one for the West, one for the Midlands, one for the North of England, one for Ireland, one for the East and one for the West of Scotland. Powers could be given to such sub-committees to add to their numbers in any districts where members of the Royal and Ancient were insufficient. As a matter of fact, such a provision would probably be found to be unnecessary.

The Golf Committee, as a whole, should meet, at least, twice a year at St. Andrews, and also at the championships. The reports of the sub-committees would tend to keep the club in touch with the trend of golfing opinion in all parts of the country. At present there is a strong feeling in many districts that the club does not sufficiently take the lead. There is no great body of opinion in favour of curtailing or taking away altogether the authority of the club, but there is a very strong desire that it should step forward and show the golfing world that it is not only capable but also willing to assume a more direct control of the game than it has hitherto done. The best way to do this would be by appointing such a committee as has been suggested above. There is one great difficulty in the way of this desirable end, and that is to find a means of satisfying the Royal and Ancient Club that there is any necessity to wake up and assert its authority and position. Perhaps the best plan would be for a few clubs to send out a circular to the clubs of the United Kingdom, asking them if they would favour such a scheme for the future control of the game as has been outlined in this article. The answers to such a circular would give a good idea of the feeling of golfers throughout the country, and if a large number of clubs joined in making the request, no doubt the Royal and Ancient would fall in with the suggestion.

W. HERBERT FOWLER.

THE REPORTING OF GOLF MATCHES.

THE reporting of golf matches and tournaments has not yet fallen to the level of description seen in some other games. We still read that somebody holed a putt and not that "he planted the india-rubber," while the hole itself is not termed either the "orifice" or the "aperture"; neither have our leading golfers yet been able to cope with cricketers or football players in the wealth and variety of vocabulary used to describe the achievements of themselves and others. Great strides have certainly been made in the last few years. It is not so long ago that a picture in a well-known journal was entitled "Vardon clears from the bunker on to the green," the artist, presumably better acquainted with Association football, having adapted to golf the phraseology of goal-keeping. Such horrors as these have departed, but there are still some curious conventions to which the golf reporter affectionately clings. For instance, it is generally considered necessary to say that a gentleman, who repeatedly took three putts on the green, was "slack" in his putting. Now if ever there was a complete fiction, this is one. Anyone who has attended many championship meetings has seen many short putts missed, and long ones hit halfway to the hole. How many of these mistakes were due to slackness? One in a thousand would be a liberal estimate. They are usually preceded by the outward and visible signs of extreme care. The ground is studied with a minuteness of which its

plain and open countenance is quite undeserving, and the ball is finally pushed rather than struck in a style of painful laboriousness. What the reporter ought to say is that "Mr. A. was obviously in a state of extreme agitation, and was quite incapable of hitting the ball"; but he is deterred by consideration for the player's feelings, or maybe by a wholesome dread of the law of libel and the capriciousness of a British jury. What adjective would he employ, I wonder, if Mr. A. were nonchalantly to seize his niblick with one hand and thus bang the ball towards the hole? The result would probably be much better, if we only had the moral courage to try it.

Incidentally, everybody is accused of missing more short putts than he really does, because it is absurdly difficult for anyone standing at a distance from the hole to judge of the length of a putt. Even as at cricket that is called "a chance" which Mr. Jessop alone of fieldsmen could attempt, so at golf a player who has a really nasty putt of 4ft. or 5ft. to deal with is stigmatised as missing one of 18in. If, however, the scribe is rather hard upon the golfer over the putts that are missed, he makes up for it by a mistaken kindness over those that are not missed, because they are not tried. When a player's ball lies some 6ft. from the hole, and he has two for it, his opponent will generally assume that he can get down in two and give up the hole. The reporter, not to be outdone in generosity, always assumes that the player could have got down in one stroke. This is a custom which tends to the greater glory of the player's score rather than to the cause of truth. We are generally kind to ourselves over these putts when reckoning up our score after the ordinary half-crown match, but the statements of players who invariably give themselves 2yds. putts are generally received with a certain mental reservation.

A great pitfall in the description of golf matches lies in the fact that many holes are really devoid of incident and do not need description, which should, indeed, be reserved for those momentous turning-points which occur in every match. Take an ordinary hole which can be reached with a drive and an iron shot. We read that Mr. A. pulled his drive, was short with his second, ran past the hole with his third and got down in four. Good gracious! we think, what a lucky recovery for A. Yet what really occurred? He hit a good drive a few yards to the left of the guide-flag. He was short with his second, sure enough, but on the green and only roysds. from the hole. His long putt ran a yard past the hole, and he made no mistake with

language. What the reader wants to know is whether the ball was on or off the course. The fine shades of direction of a good drive are of no interest, save at a few special holes, such as the seventeenth at St. Andrews or the fifteenth at Prestwick. It is characteristic of some dictionaries and encyclopædias that words and persons beginning with the letter A receive the most liberal



THE CLUB-HOUSE, MENNAGIO.

treatment, while the information becomes positively niggardly towards the end of the alphabet, so that Alfred has columns devoted to him and poor Xerxes is dismissed with a mere paragraph. In the same way the golf reporter often lavishes the treasures of his vocabulary upon the first few holes, which were possibly halved in a very ordinary manner, while the crucial holes at the end of the round are dismissed in as many syllables. So-and-so "ultimately won at the last hole" is all we read, and we must wait for more precise information till we can meet a spectator bubbling over with information on the splendid finish.

Occasionally, on the other hand, the enthusiasm begotten of a close fight leads to excess of zeal in the reporter. We read the other day in an account of one of the earlier rounds at St. Andrews that Mr. B. "was one down and two to play, but showed rare grit, and laid his opponent a stymie at the seventeenth." A stymie at such a juncture has many merits from the layer's point of view; but it is hardly to "grit" that he would attribute it, even in that moment of triumph when he shamelessly avows himself sorry for the incident. Were it so, we should soon have the victorious golfer loudly declaring in the club-house after lunch that he had played the pluckiest game imaginable, and stymied his opponent half-a-dozen times!

BERNARD DARWIN.

MENNAGIO AND CADENABIA GOLF CLUB.

THIS sporting nine-hole course (of which illustrations are given this week), 2,100yds. in length, has been laid out at Croce on a plateau 1,000ft. above Lake Como. It is surrounded with lovely views. The links are about thirty-five minutes' walk from Mennagio and ten minutes' from Grandolo Station. The hazards are natural ores and the turf is good; the holes vary in length from 425yds. (the sixth) to 145yds. (the ninth), and are varied and interesting. The club-house is comfortable, and arrangements have been made for refreshments to be supplied. The autumn meeting has been fixed for the end of September. The hon. secretary is Dr. Eliot, Hotel Victoria, Mennagio. A professional has been engaged.

THE DANGER OF PLAY IN A THUNDER-STORM.

Many a golfer, playing while a thunder-storm was in progress, has laughingly spoken of the danger, which he has supposed to be purely imaginary, of handling his iron clubs, in case they should attract the lightning. The

recent very lamentable occurrence on a course near Glasgow will be likely to check for the future any light and joking reference to this risk, which seems to have proved very real. Mr. Harvey, the victim of the stroke of lightning, was in the very act of playing a mashie stroke. The effects of the current, as they are recorded, are certainly most remarkable. Apart from the personal injuries, of which the record is too painful to repeat, portions of his



THE VIEW FROM THE SECOND TEE.

his short one. All the facts reported are undeniably true, but the effect produced is wholly misleading. If Mr. A. had been described as having got a steady four, the reader would have had a far more accurate idea of what had happened; but to describe a shot as pulled or sliced because it was to the left or right respectively of the guide-flag is a misuse of the English

garments are said to have been thrown to a distance of 50 yds., and the works of the watch which was in his pocket were shattered, although the case and the glass were uninjured. A hole 6 ft. square and 1 ft. deep was cleft in the ground where he had stood. Others of the players in the foursome in which he was engaged felt the shock in greater or less degree; but it would seem as if all the direct force of the current was attracted by the movement of the mashie. It is not impossible that this lamentable occurrence may lead to a modification of the rule prohibiting, under penalty of disqualification, leaving off play or taking shelter because of a storm. Where there is actual danger committees might be disposed to interpret this rule in a very liberal and lenient sense. Some men are known to have been killed, and more have received a shock, when shooting in a thunder-storm, and it has been generally thought that the gun in these instances has served to attract the current. It is, of course, impossible to know whether Mr. Harvey would have suffered the same tragic fate if he had happened to be playing with a wooden instead of an iron headed club at that fatal moment, but there is reason to think that the metal may have acted as the conductor.

MR. LYON, AMATEUR CHAMPION OF CANADA.

Mr. G. S. Lyon, who has just won the Canadian amateur golf championship, beating Mr. F. R. Martin in the thirty-six-hole final by three up and two to play, has thereby equalled the number of amateur championship wins which stand to the credit of our own Mr. John Ball—that is to say, that this is now the sixth occasion of his winning. Altogether he must have a quite extraordinary talent for games of ball, being an exceptionally fine bat at cricket, and holding the record for the largest score ever made at cricket in Canada. We have seen him over here competing in our amateur championship; but he did not make the mark that he should have made, and perhaps failed to do himself justice. There is still time, however, for that, and recent events ought to be teaching us to accept, in a chastened and sportsmanlike spirit, the beatings which Colonists and foreigners are administering to us in those pastimes in which we used to think that we excelled.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE LATE SIR SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B.

THE country has suffered a very sensible loss by the tragically sudden death of the late Sir Spencer Walpole, which occurred on the afternoon of Sunday last. His activities were as varied as they were distinguished. A hard-working Civil Servant, he was for a while permanent head of the Post Office under the Duke of Norfolk, and had previously held the office of Governor of the Isle of Man. He came into touch with readers of this paper chiefly from the interest which he still maintained in all problems connected with the life history of the salmon, a subject on which his opinion had an especial value from the fact of his association for many years with the late Frank Buckland as a Fishery Commissioner. After retirement from the Governorship of the Isle of Man he purchased an estate in Sussex and became a director of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, and was also a director of the Standard Bank of South Africa and chairman of the Pacific Cable Company. At the same time, his vigorous and exact mind was occupied with the work by which he is best known to the public, "The History of England from 1815," of which six volumes have been already given to the world, and on the preparation of further volumes of which he was strenuously engaged almost at the moment of his death. His most recent publication was a volume under the title of "Studies in Biography," consisting chiefly of articles reprinted from such periodicals as the *Quarterly Review*, and he was constantly contributing articles of high and recognised value on political and economical subjects to this and other periodicals. This life of such varied usefulness was cut short by a sudden stroke falling upon him while apparently in full possession of all his mental and bodily vigour.

It would not be proper to conclude even so brief and inadequate a notice as this without paying a tribute to his qualities of heart, as well as of head. In politics a firm Liberal and Free Trader, his opinion, especially on matters of national finance, was frequently consulted by the leaders of the present Government; but his extreme kindness of nature and of manner was appreciated to the full by all those who came in contact with him, even though their political opinions might be directly opposed to his own. His generosity and consideration for his poorer neighbours in the county in which he had taken up his abode were such as made him beloved by all of them, and his most unexpected loss will be sincerely mourned by a very large circle of friends in all classes of society.

CROQUET.

THERE are few places where the social side of croquet can be seen to greater advantage than on the picturesque grounds of the Roehampton Club, the headquarters of the Croquet Association; and though the meteorological elements were none too favourable, the championship meeting which concluded last week was an undoubted success in every respect. With all the best players of the day competing, it was only to be expected that some perfect expositions of the game would be witnessed; but on the

present occasion the standard of play probably attained a higher state of excellence than at any previous championship meeting. Especially was this the case in the final round of the open championship, which was easily carried off by Mr. R. C. J. Beaton after an exhibition of faultless play. Some idea of the accuracy of his play may be gained by stating that his opponent, Mr. C. L. O'Callaghan, forfeited all chance of success by making a single mistake during the first game. The defeat of Mr. Cyril Corbally (who had previously held the proud distinction of having won the championship on the only three occasions he had competed for it) in the previous round by his fellow-countryman, Mr. C. L. O'Callaghan, scarcely came as a surprise, as he has had hardly any practice this season. Miss Bramwell also accomplished a brilliant performance in winning the ladies' championship, her play in the final round, when she disposed of Miss A. Wood, being so accurate that in the course of the match her opponent had only one real opportunity.

So profitable is the four-ball that, when feasible, it should take precedence of every other mode of play. It is profitable not only for the ease and rapidity with which the points are made, but for two other reasons not quite so obvious, viz., the player of the break having a long succession of easy strokes (every stroke in a four-ball break is, or should be, perfectly easy), is thereby enabled to get his eye in, and, secondly, at the end of his break he has such complete command of the balls that he should be able to leave an easy three-ball break for his following turn. In fact, it may be laid down almost as an axiom that when once a good player has made a four-ball break his opponent's chance of winning the game is practically gone. It was said of someone that "nothing in his life became him better than his manner of leaving it," and Solon is well known to have declined to call a man's life happy till it was ended. In these respects, if in no others, the four-ball break is a type of human life, for nothing in it shows the finished expert better than the manner in which he concludes it. The expert soon begins to tire of the monotonous round of easy strokes; for the break itself he does not care—the pleasure to him consists either in the way he picks it up from a difficult position or the artistic manner in which he ends it.

The science of wiring reached its highest point during the season of 1906, when the abolition of "close" wiring—which is not really wiring at all, but "bunkering"—called for much additional skill and accuracy on the part of the wirer. Unfortunately, as many people think—since much of the higher strategy of this game is involved in the art of "distance" wiring—this skill and accuracy are no longer demanded. Except in those rare cases in which it will be possible to wire all the balls, not only from the next player, but also from the whole area of baulk, the utmost that the most skilful exponent of wiring can try for, under this year's law, will be to "close" wire the next player from two of the balls—which is easy enough—and to leave the third open, which is easier still. The chief rule for successful wiring is to make a break, the reason for this being obvious, as a break gives the player more strokes in which to accomplish his wiring scheme. Some years ago a well-known player was asked by a lady to contribute a croquet maxim to her collection. The maxim given was "Do not leave all your wiring till the end of your break." The meaning of this may not be clear to some, who might interpret these words as a recommendation to the break player to keep the next player wired during the progress of the break—a recommendation which is certainly likely to lead to its rapid termination. Of course, what was really meant was that the player should not finish his break, and then as an after-thought begin to think about wiring; but that the thinking process should begin, at least, two points in advance of the conclusion of the break.

The croquet term "peel" is derived from the eminent player of that name, with whom it was a favourite device to keep partner balls together for the same hoop, first putting his partner through and then running the hoop himself. In modern times these tactics are strictly confined to doubles with a weak partner, present-day peeling consisting of an organised plan for putting partner or opponent through one or more of the last two or three hoops—in the case of one's partner with a view of finishing the game in that turn; and in the case of the opponent, with the object of pegging him out. No game is ever played nowadays between players of any pretensions to first-class form without the probability of a peel (or a double or triple peel) and a peg out being taken into consideration. In handicaps, and especially in handicap doubles, the idea is especially prominent; in doubles so much so, that the winning of the toss, when the players are unequal, and the consequent control given to the winner over the "better" ball of the opponents, is now estimated at considerably over the face value of half a bisque. In open singles the all-pervading influence of the idea is shown by the universal custom of finishing the all-round break before making the penultimate hoop. Many players go even further, and refuse to make four back. As a

defensive measure, in case of accidents during the next break, this latter plan is theoretically sound; but it has corresponding disadvantages in the fact that it does away with the possibility of wiring the game in the next turn by means of a double peel, and also, in some instances, slightly increases the difficulty of wiring at the end of the second break. Where so much is to be said on both sides, the best advice is: "If your confidence in the state of the ground and in your skill makes it appear probable that you will go out in your next turn, then carry your first break as far as the penultimate; if not, stop before making four back." In handicap singles many odds givers go so far as to become a rover with the first ball, in order to get out for a certainty, if they are

allowed a chance, with the second ball. This, of course, forces an immediate bisque; but the risk of being pegged out by even a moderate class odds receiver is very great. Moreover, the second ball has often an irritating way of not being able to shoot in when it wants to, while hitting in with the rover is useless, except for the purpose of forcing another bisque. It is generally considered to be wiser for the odds receiver, if he is lucky enough to get the first break, to stop it at the penultimate, or even at four back, on the chance that the adversary, scenting no immediate danger, will refrain from taking a bisque. He may then finish the game in the next turn by means of a triple peel, leaving his opponent with his bisques in his pocket.

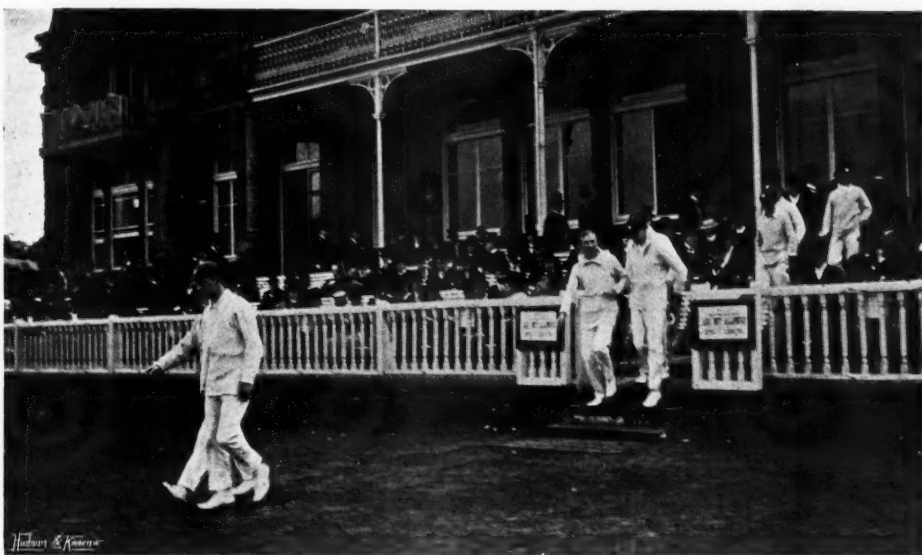
CRICKET NOTES.

THE University match, which is, of course, officially a first-class fixture, was very seldom noticeable for first-class cricket. Played, except in the first innings of Oxford, on a difficult wicket, the fact that there was no high scoring surprised no one; but what did cause disappointment, as well as surprise, was the obvious inability of nearly all the players to take advantage of the chances which the game, as affected by the weather, gave them. The Oxford men batted first on a wicket which, though slow, was not difficult, and on that kind of wicket neither Mr. Napier nor Mr. Morcom, the only Cambridge bowlers of importance, can bowl their best. It was fairly obvious that later on the wicket would be worse, yet the Oxford batsmen laboured heavily, and were all out for a score of 141 runs—a rather poor result for three hours' batting. Cambridge, it is true, did worse than that in their first innings, but the wicket was then difficult, and their weaker batsmen at least made the right kind of effort in the circumstances. Then Oxford failed a second time, and but for Mr. E. L. Wright, their captain, their failure would have been an inglorious one. The policy of hunting desperately for singles on that wicket stood them in bad stead, and no Old Blue or cricketer of experience ever thought that it would have any other result.

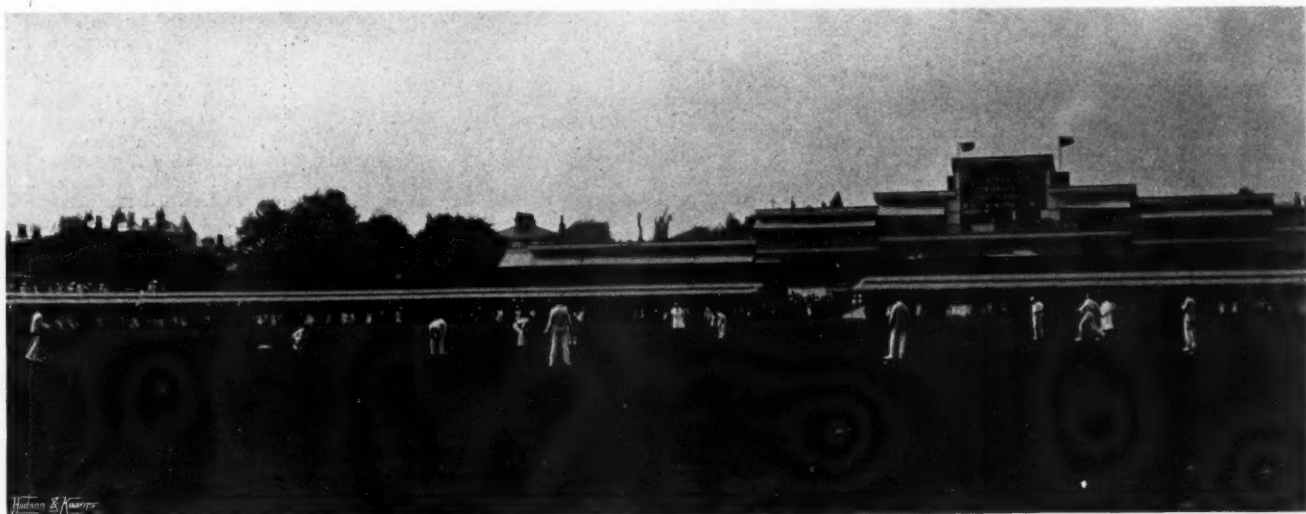
With the second innings of Cambridge, played, let it be noted, on a wicket which should have helped, and in fact did help, the bowlers, came the first example of continuous resolution. Mr. Buchanan hit away at once; Mr. Young played himself in first and then hit away with equal confidence, but with even more skill. With the success of these two men playing the right game the victory of Cambridge was assured. Of course, with so much small scoring the bowlers, according to their figures, did very well, yet good judges of the game who watched the play closely are compelled to admit that those figures rather flattered them. Good length bowling, which did not turn at all, would not have been

easy to play even on the Thursday, when the wicket was at its easiest; but there was too little really good length bowling. Both the Cambridge men were in the circumstances inclined to bowl too short, though doubtless on a hard wicket their length would have been just what was wanted. The Oxford men, Mr. Lowe in particular, bowled too many distinctly loose balls, for long hops and full pitches were seen oftener than is usually the case in a first-class match. Unfortunately, rather weak batting, and bowling which was not very clever, were not redeemed by either safe catching or brilliant ground-fielding, nor was the standard of the wicket-keeping as high as it is wont to be in a University match. It was, indeed, the work in the field, coming, so to speak, on the top of the failure of the batsmen to get runs and of the bowlers to show that they could take the best advantage of a bowler's wicket, which caused all cricketers to agree in describing the University match of 1907 as a disheartening one. Yet there were on the two sides men who are undoubtedly very capable cricketers. Mr. Foster, Mr. E. L. Wright, Mr. M. W. Payne, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Napier and Mr. Morcom are good enough players for most elevens, and these men, except Mr. M. W. Payne, who is the best cricketer of them all, had some success in the match in question. But the fact remains all the same that not one of them really did himself justice in this game. More pleasant is it to record such examples of excellence, or at least of well-earned success, as there were.

Mr. G. N. Foster began the match with some fairly effective batting, to which higher praise might be accorded were he a cricketer who is quite new to an important match. But Mr. Foster is already a player of some distinction, and more than what he gave was not unjustly expected of him. Mr. C. A. L. Payne, favoured by a little fortune, was responsible for preventing an absolute collapse after Mr. Foster got out, and he batted creditably, seeing that others did so badly. Mr. E. L. Wright's innings has already been mentioned. It was played in



OXFORD TAKING THE FIELD.

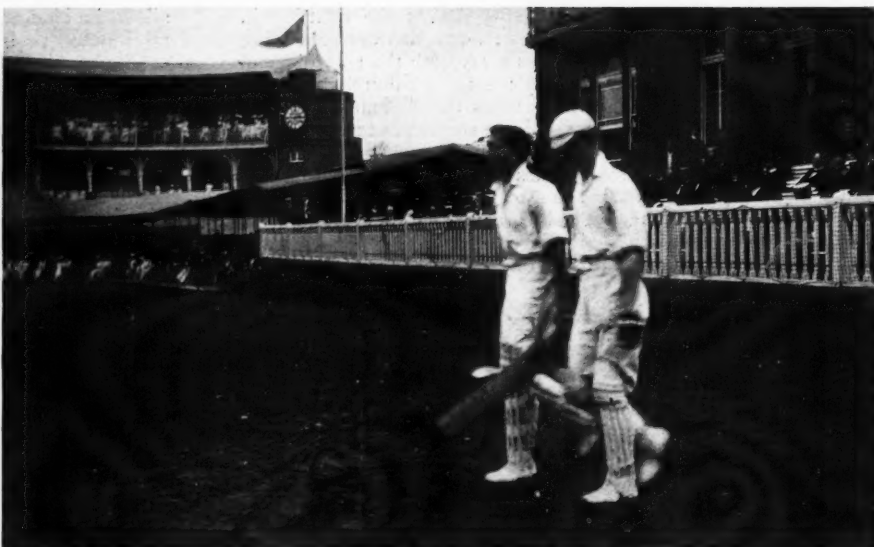


CAMBRIDGE BATSMEN AT THE WICKET.

dispiriting conditions, but it was a good one, marred only by the errors which he made directly Mr. Goodwin bowled slow leg breaks to him. The only batting of intrinsic merit on the winning side was, as has been stated, that of Mr. Young and Mr. Buchanan, and, from a really strict point of view, Mr. Young's innings was the only innings in the match to which the description "first-class" is applicable. Mr. Gilbert bowled fairly well for Oxford, and he was unchanged at his end throughout the match. Had he simply concentrated on maintaining a good length, he would probably have bowled exceptionally well. Only a little spin was wanted, but, as far as one could see, he was more concerned with spin than with length. He scarcely realised what a good friend he had in the wicket.

Luckily, for the credit of the match, some extremely good catches were caught, and these did something to compensate for blunders for which it is hard to find excuses. Mr. Foster, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Napier, Mr. M. W. Payne and Mr. Buchanan all distinguished themselves in their way. Earlier in the week, however, at Lord's, a match was played which was very distinctly a first-class match.

The first Test Match ever played between England and South Africa, which ended so unfortunately in a draw, is still the chief topic of conversation among students of cricket, and its lessons seem to have been read differently in different quarters. I am myself chiefly struck by the absence of comment on what happened during the first hour of play, because in that hour a question which for some weeks had been a burning one was at least partially settled. Mr. R. O. Schwarz is admitted to be the most puzzling of all the South African bowlers. He not only bowls an off-break with a leg-break action, but the pace at which the ball comes off the ground is, in his case, startlingly out of proportion to the pace at which it goes on to the ground. Very fast indeed does Mr. Schwarz's slow bowling come from the pitch. Until the Test Match he almost invariably had the early batsmen in difficulties. It had become practically an axiom of the first-class cricket-field that this bowling could not be hit, and the tendency was to play three balls out of five with the leg and not with the bat. Hayward and Mr. Fry opened the English innings, and Hayward, considered by many people to be the best batsman in England, showed that he relished Mr. Schwarz's bowling as little as others had relished it in the past six weeks. Had Mr. Fry showed a similar disinclination to play it firmly and uncompromisingly with the middle of the bat, it is somewhat improbable that the England eleven would have made a fine score. But Mr. Fry rather wisely went out of his way to prove that previously-conceived theories were incorrect. He only made thirty-two runs, but he jumped in and drove Mr. Schwarz's bowling several times, and he succeeded in inducing the South African captain to believe that in the interests of his side a change of bowling was desirable. When Mr. Fry got out, the English batting became more timid in method and its quality deteriorated, though Tyldesley, after a rather bad start, played well. Still, half the side were out for 158 runs when Mr. Jessop went in to bat. It was at this critical stage of the game that the lesson which Mr. Fry had impressed upon his opponents was chiefly valuable to England. Mr. Jessop began to hit at once, and Mr. Schwarz was not put on to bowl again until he had made ninety runs. The induction seemed to be that if Mr. Fry, who is not wont to run unnecessary risks, could jump in and drive that bowling with certainty, much more would Mr. Jessop, who is wont to run all the risks, do so. Probably Mr. Sherwell, the South African captain, with much to think about at the time, did not fully realise the fact that it is as a firm-footed hitter that Mr. Jessop chiefly excels. True, he jumped in now and again



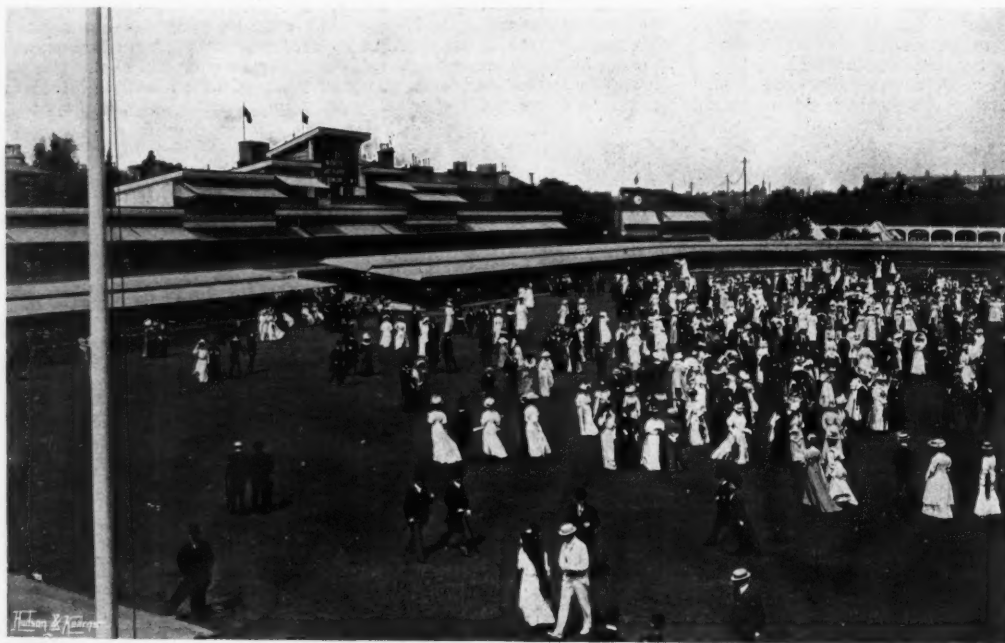
MESSRS. YOUNG AND WRIGHT LEAVING THE PAVILION.

to Mr. Vogler's bowling and hit it with much certainty. But Mr. Vogler bowls faster than Mr. Schwarz, he does not break so much, and he does not come quite so quick from the pitch. Quick as Mr. Jessop is on his feet, it would have required exceptional accuracy on his part to hit Mr. Schwarz's bowling time after time without making a mistake if its length had been moderately good. It is fast and medium-paced bowling which Mr. Jessop punishes most severely. In other words, he prefers the bowling to come to him rather than to go to the bowling himself.

Of course, there is another side to the question. The South Africans have seven weeks more of cricket in this country and two Test Matches still to play. So far Mr. Schwarz has been more or less the trump card, which has seldom failed to take a trick, and he has been used sparingly in consequence. Had Mr. Jessop been exceptionally severe on him, future batsmen might have gained courage by the performance, although it is certainly recognised that Mr. Jessop, in most of his strokes, is a law unto himself. As matters stand, all that can be said is that Mr. Fry hit him admirably some half-dozen times; Hayward did not appreciate him; Braund, though he played him successfully, never mastered him; and Lilley, who hit hard late in the innings, should have been his victim. It comes then to this—that, so far as the Test Match evidence on the subject is concerned, only Mr. Fry can be called as a reliable witness. In the present season most cricketers, and especially first-class cricketers, have been discussing the question whether Mr. Schwarz's bowling can be hit as other slow right-hand bowling is hit. The Test Match has not helped us materially, apart from what Mr. Fry did, to answer the question; and it must be remembered that, for once, in that game Mr. Schwarz did not bowl his usual good length. He can afford, of course, to bowl rather a worse length than the ordinary bowler of his pace, for the quickness with which the ball comes from the ground and the spin on it prevent the batsman from treating one of his short-pitched balls as he would treat one of an ordinary bowler.

The problem, then, has only been partly solved in actual practice, and the probability is that Mr. Sherwell is too good a captain to allow it to be solved completely. With the wealth of bowling at his command, he is always likely to give Mr. Schwarz a rest long before familiarity has a chance of breeding contempt. It is not for the mere club cricketer, much less is it for the pavilion critic, to say how Mr. Schwarz's bowling should be treated. But, in connection with this subject, one may at least note the signs of the times. In days gone by it was to the flight of the ball that the batsman paid the chief attention. In recent years the tendency has been to pay over-much attention to the position of the bowler's hand and arm previous to delivery. I incidentally wonder how Arthur Shrewsbury would have dealt with Mr. Schwarz's bowling, and I am inclined to think that he would not have been made anxious by preliminary dispositions. Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Schwarz have rather perturbed the batsmen who are especially careful to watch the bowler's hand and arm; and no less an authority than Dr. W. G. Grace himself has suggested, in the case of Mr. Schwarz, that strict attention should be paid to the ball bowled, as opposed to what the batsman fancies it might or could do. Meanwhile, on one point we are all agreed. It is exceedingly clever of Mr. Schwarz, on his return to England as a Colonial cricketer, to have divided first-class cricketers into two camps and to have profited to so large an extent by the division which he has caused.

PHILIP TREVOR.



THE LUNCHEON PROMENADE.